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LETTERS

corporate labor

Champaign, Ill.

DEAR SIRS: "Labor and Foreign Policy" by Ronald Radosh [*The Nation*, Sept. 8] is full of unstated and questionable assumptions, half-truths, and pseudo-sophisticated misunderstandings. I shall skeptically await some documentation in what you indicate is to be a forthcoming book.

One general key to the inadequacy of Radosh's analysis is to be found in his characterization of the mainstream of the American labor movement as "corporate unionism." This seems to him to mean that the unions are perverted creatures of and controlled by American corporations, rather than properly dedicated to overthrowing the individual enterprise or capitalistic system. . . .

While American unions have "accepted" capitalism, worked within it, and worked to humanize and restrict it (both through collective bargaining and political means), their actual goals and programs are not *that* different from the Socialist unions of most of the Western European countries today, except for France and Italy. . . .

As for American unions generally going along with U. S. foreign policy . . . one can as readily fault the labor movements in most countries in the two World Wars, and at present as well. An ideologically united world labor movement is impractical, I believe, though Radosh seems to assume there should be one. *Phillips L. Garman*
Professor of Labor and Industrial Relations
University of Illinois

New York City

DEAR SIRS: Mr. Garman both defends and denies the existence of corporate unionism. The basic purpose of unionism is to protect the interests of wage earners: economic, social and political. . . . Corporate union leaders reveal their limitations when they fail to wage fights for crucial demands, whenever these demands conflict with the limits of reform set by the large corporations and government spokesmen.

During World War I, Samuel Gompers decided not to call for an eight-hour day, because Newton D. Baker and Woodrow Wilson defined that demand as "revolutionary." . . . During World War II, Sidney Hillman supported FDR's use of the Army to bust the North American Aviation strike, since it interfered with the defense effort. The corporate unionists proved all too willing to abandon their original commitment to the workers when they were told not to rock the boat. These and other points will indeed be documented in my forthcoming book. . . .

It may certainly be true that the goals and program of American unions differ little from those of most West European Socialist unions, or for that matter, the Communist unions of France and Italy. But all of these bodies are social-democratic, and follow a similar corporate orientation. In May of 1968, the French CGT thus worked to curb revolutionary demands for workers' control of production and occupation of factories, and tried to channel the workers' momentum into traditional trade union considerations. It was this essential conservatism of the CP unions, in fact, that Irving Brown played upon when he skillfully manipulated to create a split in their ranks.

As for an "ideologically united world labor movement," it was exactly the desire of Jay Lovestone that all labor follow the path set out by the AFL leaders: creation of a world labor movement pledged to the line of the State Department. . . . *Ronald Radosh*

correction

We regret the misspelling of the word *dirigisme* in last week's review by Emile Capouya of Leo Huberman and Paul Sweezy's *Socialism in Cuba*. *The Editors*

EDITORIALS

Presidency and President

Appealing for love, sympathy and unqualified support, Lyndon B. Johnson pleaded, "I'm the only President you've got." It was the American version of the "cult of personality," and it failed. Now this wrongheaded view of the democratic process is being raised again, by a chorus of diverse types. Hubert Humphrey, having said quite distinctly at the Midwest Democratic Conference that Mr. Nixon's honeymoon was over, informs us after a nice talk with Dick that "we have only one President at a time." David S. Broder, who nowadays is the voice of the Establishment among political commentators, does a piece about how easy and wicked it is to "break" the President. This theme is picked up in the House, and Dean Acheson warns us of a major constitutional crisis "if we make a habit of destroying Presidents."

This "breaking the President" bogy needs to be looked at both in general and in the current situation. Most of us were taught to respect the *office* of the Presidency and, when we can, the incumbent. Whether or not the second is possible depends more on the President than on us. Every President enjoys an enormous lead time of approval and support and can count on great backlogs of public favor if he knows how to make a halfway intelligent and honest appeal to the public. These are the facts we must start with.

Long before he reached the White House, Mr. Nixon gave many Americans what they regard as good reason to distrust him. So he assumed the Presidency under a cloud of political and partisan misgivings as to his sincerity—even that measure of sincerity an active politician is expected to exhibit. Yet both the public and the politicians gave him the benefit of the doubt. He could not possibly complain that he did not enjoy an extended "honeymoon." His detractors remained silent and the press leaned over backward to be fair. So the long summer days passed at San Clemente, with the mood of the country seemingly quiet and serene. We suggested at that time that the Administration was misjudging the underlying temper of the people, and so it has turned out.

For the present loss of confidence the President has only himself to blame. As a candidate he made promises which as President he did not keep. That is scarcely a novel failing, but in Mr. Nixon's case the promises were so sweeping and direct that a total failure to live up to them could not go unobserved. "The next President," Mr. Nixon declared, "must take an activist view of his office. He must articulate the nation's values, define its goals and marshal its will. Under a Nixon administration, the Presidency will be involved in the entire sweep of America's public concerns." This and other statements of purpose have been blandly ignored.

Mr. Nixon has never been strong on principle, and political tricks and posturing do not suffice. He has not been candid, his press secretary is the least informative in recent history, and his director of communications seems to view his job as that of running an advertising agency. Three months were allowed to go by without a press conference. It is little wonder that the press began to

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complain that the Administration lacked leadership. Yet, having to such an extent isolated himself, Mr. Nixon in effect asks us to continue to trust him blindly. As one example, having made only token departures from his predecessor's policy toward Vietnam, he bids the country be patient while with the help of President Thieu, whom he cited as one of the world's great statesmen, he brings us an "honorable" peace.

Still other considerations explain the country's rising impatience. According to the textbooks and hoary tradition, the President is the best informed, if not the wisest, of men in public life. On the same theory, he gets the best advice. But is he, and does he? Consider Dean Acheson's exhortation. In the same breath in which he tells us to back the President and keep quiet, he also tells us that President Johnson was badly briefed and got the wrong intelligence evaluations; moreover that he, Acheson, had to tap second-echelon personnel to learn the hard facts he needed to advise President Johnson about Vietnam. If McCarthy, Clark Clifford, Acheson and others had not shaken him out of his complacency, Johnson might have continued to escalate the war.

Is Mr. Nixon any better informed? Can Lodge and Bunker give him better advice than they gave Johnson? Is he reading the public mind any better than Johnson did before the ax fell? Could anything be more maladroit than Mr. Nixon's declaration that "under no circumstances whatever" would he be affected by demonstrations and protests, followed by evidence that he is affected to the extent of throwing General Hershey to his critics, issuing transparently dishonest data on draft calls and, in the view of some observers, going into a flurry of overreaction to the October 15 moratorium?

There is no fault in the Presidency that could not be cured by qualities of real principle and leadership in the incumbent. If he doesn't get the support he feels he deserves, he should ask himself why. What has he done that was wrong, what has he failed to do that would have been right? The finger points at him, no one else.

The Snowballing Effect

Critics of the American mode of decision making tend to overlook one significant fact. The country is culturally diverse. It operates at different levels of understanding, of reference, of assumptions.

Precisely because it is that kind of country, opinion on complex issues forms slowly. On the surface not much seems to be happening, or it all seems pointed in one direction, with little counter-movement. Then a dissent starts, matures slowly at first, then often staggers everyone by emerging explosively as a near-majority opinion. From there it has only a little way to go and it *is* the majority opinion. Everyone is appropriately surprised and forgets the phenomenon until next time.

Why is the peculiar way in which opinion forms in this country so often forgotten? Why is it that normally bright individuals, even those supposedly expert in public relations, so consistently fail to spot the cloud that is no bigger than a man's fist?

I. F. Stone notes that "when Howard Zinn in *The*

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The Nation is published each week (except for the omission of four issues) by the Nation Company and copyright 1969 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10014. Tel: CH 2-8400. West Coast office: 825 South Barrington Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif. 90049. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing office. **Address all manuscripts and editorial correspondence to the New York office.**

Subscription Price: One year, $10; two years, $18. Add $1 per year postage for Canada and Mexico; $2 other foreign.

Change of Address: It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give five weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code numbers for both addresses.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Book Review Index and the Public Affairs Information Service.

THE NATION *Volume 209*
No. 14

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Nation a few years ago first proposed immediate and unconditional withdrawal [from Vietnam], he was a political leper." ("Vietnam: The Logic of Withdrawal," *The Nation*, February 6, 1967.) "Leper" is perhaps too strong a term, but certainly there was no mad rush to join the "withdrawal now" forces, such as they were. But today Zinn has an army at his back; in one form or another almost everyone is for withdrawal. The question is how.

The Nation is attuned to this problem because we live by it. When Fred J. Cook wrote "Juggernaut: The Warfare State," it seemed quite unlikely that in a few years his handling of the military-industrial complex would become a journalistic cliché, with everyone joining the act, falling over themselves to repeat what Cook had said —and often unaware that he had said it first.

The Establishment, so-called, could save itself a lot of time, energy and money by reading the small-circulation journals of critical opinion. It would not have to adopt their views, only use them for purposes of prognosis. The small journals are not always prophetic, but a few days of research would convince anyone that they forecast what is to come far oftener than do the big-circulation media. The basic reason is that the big fellows live for today's circulation and advertising.

The big journals will continue to do what they have always done. But what of the politicians? They certainly would benefit, at no risk whatever, from reading the low-circulation papers, which is where the ideas are spawned and the movements begin. Essentially, Mr. Nixon is in trouble because throughout his political career he has identified foresight with bigness. John F. Kennedy was the last President who did pay a little attention to the "intellectual" press; but he made his decisions—the Bay of Pigs, for instance—on other premises. Mr. Nixon has a chance to do better, but the chances are he won't.

'Custeristic'

Mark Rudd, leader of the Weatherman faction now in control of the national SDS, justifies his policy of seeking violent confrontation by saying that white Americans "have to start fighting, take risks, take some of the damages, of the costs, off the backs of black people and Third-World people, and do some damage." But when the Weathermen demonstrated in Chicago earlier this month, in rivalry with rallies held by the moderate wing of the now-sundered SDS, it was the latter whose meeting was co-sponsored by the Black Panthers and the Puerto Rican Young Lords. And Fred Hampton, Illinois chairman of the Black Panthers, denounced the Weathermen as "anarchistic, opportunistic and Custeristic."

That last epithet is significant, for Custer is scarcely a symbol of racial fraternity, and it focuses on what is most wrong about the Rudd approach to world problems. The Weatherman faction is made up of a body of middle-class youth—now rather wickedly seeking to enlist high school children as their shock troops—who have generated within themselves a sense of guilt from privilege, which they would now expiate by leading the oppressed races of the world to revolutionary victory. Considering the comparative numbers involved, that is perhaps the most elitist venture in the history of revolutionary abortions. And the black, brown and yellow races have had enough of elitism.

The Weathermen have adopted an ominously vague slogan: "Bring the war home." If it means anything, it threatens a state of such violent chaos in the States that the military will be forced to withdraw their regiments from Vietnam to curb the destruction here. A country which imposes order by military force is necessarily a dictatorship. It may be that Rudd sees the road to freedom and justice as passing through tyranny, and it may be that he can persuade high school students to agree with him. But he will not persuade blacks, Mexicans and Puerto Ricans, who have knowledge of suppression and need not invent ways of living dangerously.

In a sense the Weathermen are right to decry their privileges and to denounce their schooling. They know themselves to be the sons and daughters of the Middle Class, in whose name all authority in this country asserts its legitimacy. They expect to pay for their deeds of extremism—they are not hypocrites—and indeed they calculate that the payment is itself the first step toward their goal ("just the fact that we are willing to fight the police is a political victory"); but what if the strategy proves wrong, if victory cannot be won in the name of Che Guevara? When a Weatherman takes off his football helmet and his denim jacket, he becomes a white kid headed uptown. What can a black kid take off?

And this attempt to equate the jungles of Latin America with the industrialized cities of the North, to find parallels between a peasant population and a unionized, affluent working class, suggests that their teachers have not shown these youths how to draw analogies. They have heard the despairing voice of Marcuse; they have not grasped the power of the syllogism.

America, it is just possible, can be mobilized to repudiate the futile policies that have deranged its values in the last thirty years. But America cannot possibly be led by the nose by a group of ill-informed youths shouting irrelevant insults and wielding clubs at available targets. In Chicago, they achieved the almost impossible task of making Mayor Daley's police look like public servants. And in Chicago they broke the neck of a city official. By that one act they compromised, at least for a time, the whole protest movement in America.

Viva Curran!

The high point of the National Maritime Union's fifteenth convention, held in New York earlier this month, was the almost unanimous vote, to ringing applause, whereby the 475 delegates of the 50,000 members pocketed $525 apiece in "subsistence," plus first-class roundtrip-fares, for spending fourteen hours in three days at the Commodore Hotel. The first order of business was the appointment of all committees by Joseph Curran, who has been president of the NMU during its entire thirty-three years. All resolutions must pass through these committees, and only those recommended may be discussed. To delegates who complained that their resolutions had been ignored, Curran replied, "New subjects come up under New Business." But the catch to that

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was that just as the agenda was reaching New Business, Curran announced: "And so we come to the end of this convention." The delegates promptly adjourned.

Curran's aim this year was to legitimize a presidential decree by which he had taken the NMU away from the seamen—whom he can no longer control—and established his machine anew on a catchall membership. Thus 7,500 brassière and shoe employees, gravediggers, car salesmen and Panamanian workers can now vote on seamen's contracts and for the officials who will service vessels from New York to Yokohama. In the NMU the entire membership votes for every officer.

Those who can vote, that is. By requiring that seamen accumulate 800 days of sea time, the NMU relegates 40 per cent of its maritime members (all of whom pay $160 a year in "service fees") to second-class status, with neither voice nor vote. Meanwhile, shoreside workers are given their NMU books on the spot.

James Morrissey, leader of the opposition, suggested that seamen and land workers each elect their own officers and determine their own policies. This was a criticism of Curran's empire and, while criticism may be seen elsewhere as a sign of organizational good health, in the NMU it is considered treason. Curran castigated the dozen or so members of the opposition as "lower than scum . . . paid provocateurs." And Morrissey was given no chance to reply.

Curran has a tremendous machine with unlimited funds. It pays him a salary of $92,050, it supplies him with a limousine and pays its chauffeur $18,048, and it is setting aside for his retirement a plum of $650,000. There is just one buzzing anxiety to disturb the emperor's repose: all that power and affluence depend on the patient silence of 50,000 members. And each of those workers has a brain in his head. (See "Curran's NMU" by Dorian J. Fliegel, *The Nation*, January 30, 1967.)

Once the Headlines Vanished

Rep. Paul Findley (R., Ill.) has been struggling for years to put a $20,000 ceiling on annual price support payments to larger growers. Last May he succeeded in getting the limitation written into the House bill by a vote of 224 to 142, largely because, on a state by state, county by county basis, he was able to correlate hunger statistics—"hunger" was in the May headlines because of Sen. George McGovern's investigations—with large subsidy payments. But the Senate deleted the limitation, as we predicted it would ("The Sweet Smell of Subsidy"; *The Nation*, June 16), and last week efforts to restore it failed by the close vote of 177 to 181. The measure now goes to conference and Mr. Findley will have a final chance this year to achieve his objective when the House considers the conference report.

Actually he had the necessary votes, but when the leaders of both parties learned how the House would vote, strong pressure was applied to get ten Congressmen—each leadership delivered five—to vote against the measure. The Republican leadership wanted to please the states and interests that benefit from large subsidy payments, including Sen. James Eastland, senior member of the Senate Agriculture Committee, who last year pocketed more than $100,000 in subsidy payments from his cotton operations. The Democratic leadership felt compelled to obey the desires of such committee chairmen as Poage (Texas) Agriculture, Mahon (Texas) Appropriations, Teague (Texas) Veterans Affairs, Rivers (South Carolina) Armed Services, and Colmer (Mississippi) Rules. Once the hunger headlines had vanished, the bipartisan squeeze play could be carried out backstage.

Not That Simple

The Department of Health, Education and Welfare is in trouble over its blacklisting of scientists (see editorial, "'Security' in HEW," *The Nation*, July 28) and, unlike the CIA and the military, it is not in a position to hush up scandal on grounds of national security. A panel headed by the departmental Under Secretary, John G. Veneman, Jr., is investigating. A suit has been filed in Federal District Court in Boston to compel the department to make public its files on persons, including many prominent scientists, who have failed to pass its security checks. A former HEW administrator says, "The whole security business in the department is a mess and has been for years."

Richard D. Lyons of *The New York Times* obtained one blacklist, compiled by the National Institute of Mental Health (mental health!) listing the names of forty-eight "ineligible" scientists. Estimates of the total number of proscribed scientists range from 200 to 500. Yet several former Secretaries—Abraham A. Ribicoff, Anthony J. Celebrezze and Wilbur J. Cohen—whose word cannot be doubted, say that they never heard anything about blacklisting in all their years in the department.

When one reflects on the varieties of skulduggery that permeate large, complex organizations, this obliviousness at the top is quite plausible. Moreover, only a fraction of what has been going on may be brought to light by the unearthing of a few blacklists. And the tangible blacklists may have done less harm than those blacklists—or "graylists"—which were never reduced to writing.

In the government, especially, it is important to keep the institutional, the bureaucratic factor in mind when surveying a situation of this sort. A prudent subordinate is likely to refrain from calling a Cabinet officer's attention to something which it might embarrass him to know. Down at the lower levels the rule is: when in doubt, don't put this or that scientist on an advisory panel. True, he might make the panel more effective, but if it should turn out that he has displeased some Congressman with his views on the Vietnamese War or one of a dozen other "controversial" issues, there could be trouble for the functionary who failed to bar him. Some blacklists exist only in the heads of people of this kind, based perhaps on mere suspicion or hearsay.

The Veneman panel has an important and difficult job ahead of it. The cure lies not only in investigation but in the hope that more Secretaries and administrators will insist on knowing more of what goes on in their departments, encourage input of information from below, cultivate relations with the press (particularly the critical press) and take pains to guard against what they know are the pitfalls of every bureaucratic setup.

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THE URBAN COALITION

WHO GIVES A DAMN?

MALCOLM KOVACS

Mr. Kovacs resigned recently as associate director of the Washington Urban Coalition. Last year he completed graduate work at the London School of Economics.

Remember the Urban Coalition? Created out of the mixed motives of idealism and fear of riots, it made its public debut in August 1967, with an emergency convocation of some 2,000 national leaders from minority groups, big business, labor, religion and local government. Meeting shortly after the Detroit and Newark riots of that summer, the leaders discussed the "urban crisis" and adopted a statement affirming their dedication to a greatly improved lot for blacks to prove that the American system can indeed work for everyone.

The assembled leaders were charged to return to their cities and there set up local Urban Coalitions as prodders, pushers, coordinators, toward the end of upgrading minority status in such basic areas as housing, jobs, businesses, transportation and health care. Each local Coalition was to act as a powerful liberal alliance of a city's power structure to press for needed changes in both the public and private sector. The key element that was to make this strategy effective was to be business leadership working actively with and for the black community. Businessmen were recognized as the powerful and previously untapped source of strength for professional Negro organizations and black community groups in traditional alliance with liberal religious and labor leaders.

Since that meeting, John Gardner has assumed leadership of the national Urban Coalition, a large national staff of some sixty persons has been added, and Coalitions have been attempted in some forty cities. The Coalition has generated a great amount of interest and idealism as perhaps one of the most important private initiatives to make needed social changes. The national Coalition's steering committee and task forces include some of the nation's most powerful leaders. The Ford Foundation and big business have generously supported the national Coalition.

But talking to reporters at a breakfast meeting earlier this month, Mr. Gardner expressed deep concern over the nation's lack of momentum in the solution of domestic problems, said of the Nixon Administration that it is "still awaiting an urban policy" and acknowledged that local Coalitions were finding it difficult to organize genuine community-wide attacks on urban ills because some businessmen and other white leaders have "a deep reluctance to take off their coats and meet with people from the other end of town." He warned that the country was approaching "a final state of affluent misery—Croesus on a garbage heap."

This bleak appraisal, in such sharp contrast with the lofty phrases and high-minded intentions voiced by Gardner and others at the inception of the Urban Coalition, can be documented from the experiences of one local Urban Coalition, in this case Washington, D.C. The capital is, perhaps, not a typical American city—no city is typical in any strict sense—but its urban problems, the devices it has employed to solve them, and the results to date are repeated in city after city where Coalitions have been established.

The Washington Urban Coalition was formed shortly before the assassination of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., sparked the Washington riots of April 1968. Key figures active from the start were the Rev. Geno Baroni, head of the Catholic Archdiocese's Urban Affairs Office and head of a Catholic Church-supported, nonprofit housing group; the Rev. Philip Newell, a white Protestant activist associated with the local Council of Churches; Isaac Frank, head of the local Jewish Community Council; Sterling Tucker, then executive director of the Washington Urban League and now vice chairman of the Washington City Council (to which he was appointed by President Nixon earlier this year); J. C. Turner and Philip Daugherty, both from the local Central Labor Council leadership; Glen Watts, head of the Communications Workers and then also chairman of the Health and Welfare Council; William Calomiris, head of his own real estate firm and then president-elect of the Board of Trade, and Marion Barry, black community leader and a director of Pride, Inc., a successful job training program for "dudes." Washington's conservative Cardinal O'Boyle was an early endorser of the Coalition idea, but never participated actively although he sat on the board of directors.

The Coalition's first president was Walter McArdle, president of a small Washington-based printing company who was active in Catholic affairs, the Board of Trade and the local branch of the National Conference of Christians and Jews (NCCJ). These religious, labor, business and black leaders were the basic membership of the Coalition's *ad hoc* committee which grew into the Coalition's board of directors of some thirty members. McArdle was made president after several bigger businessmen had declined to serve.

As soon as the Washington riots began, Mayor-Commissioner Walter Washington called a number of Coalition members to his office to ask for their help with food, shelter and job assistance to persons hurt in the riot. Several Coalition business and church leaders did provide relief assistance in cooperation with the local Health and Welfare Council and community groups. This emergency action is the Coalition's proudest—and almost sole—achievement.

From its inception, the Washington Urban Coalition has remained on the side lines of the political process. The main reason for this inactivity has been that the Coalition was controlled by *status quo* whites who were seldom challenged by the black board members. For most of its existence, an inner circle of very moderate types from the NCCJ has kept the Coalition passive. The dominant figure has been Gerald Siegel, *The Wash-*

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ington Post's counsel, a shrewd pro-business moderate who served as an assistant to Lyndon Johnson in the fifties.

Once the riots were over, the Coalition whites were unsure what to do next. After some discussion, it was agreed to hold community meetings in different black sections of the city to hear what black community representatives wanted an Urban Coalition to do. Many blacks were skeptical about these visits from whitey, coming so soon after the riots. Marion Barry, among others, was active in the community hearings, at some risk to his own position with Pride's bitter clients. The businessmen who took part in these meetings, like Arthur Newmyer, head of Newmyer Associates, who had come to the Coalition from NCCJ, found the experience educational. They came to understand a little better the desperate needs of black communities and the puny efforts of black community groups because of their limited resources. But there was no immediate follow-up to these meetings, no action on specific requests for assistance. As a result, many blacks who attended have come to feel that their cynicism was on the mark.

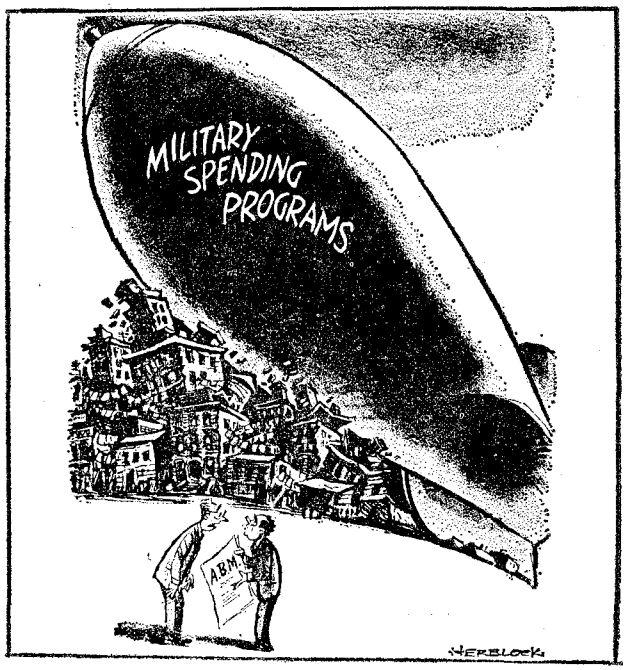
Seven months after the Coalition was created, it replaced its white acting executive director, local NCCJ executive director Donald Sullivan, with a black Washington Urban League official, Horace Morris. His appointment came after a board argument over what color the executive director should be. Led by the black Rev. David Eaton, then of Washington's Federal City College, blacks and white liberals argued that a black staff director must be appointed if the Coalition hoped to relate at all to the black community. In addition to Morris, a professional staff was hired to help run the Coalition's proposed task forces in housing, transportation, police, and other areas mentioned at the community meetings. After months of delay, task force chairmen were found and task forces assembled. However, the purpose and authority of the task forces were never made clear to either their chairmen or their members. Because of this fogginess, several task force chairmen resigned, including Negro board member Ted Hagans, who was also head of the all-Negro Chamber of Commerce.

Early this year the Coalition held a weekend retreat for board members and staff. With the help of black trainers, Coalition board members in small groups came to know one another much better and to understand more about where other people stood. Out of the weekend grew a determination by most of the forty persons present that the Coalition must begin to carve out a role for itself, beginning with a response to President Nixon's crime message on the District, which had been issued during the retreat. Many blacks criticized the President's proposal for 1,000 more D.C. policemen, pointing out that past quotas were unfilled and present policemen were being used ineffectively. But by the next board meeting the euphoria of the retreat had dissipated, traditional authority relationships had resumed and action was postponed. The Coalition took no position on the crime message or on other important matters facing the city: home rule, the current subways versus freeways dispute, the police use of Mace. Another example of inaction is the Coalition's failure to grant some $120,000 to black community groups. This money was left from funds raised at the time of the riot and was designated for use in worth-while black projects. Some forty community groups applied, and staff recommendations were made. More than a year and a half later, only two small grants have been made.

In the spring of 1969 the Washington Urban Coalition was one year old. Both whites and blacks felt embarrassed that almost nothing had been accomplished since the riot relief effort. More important, as the first anniversary of Dr. King's death approached, fears of renewed rioting grew in the business community. Businessmen held several private meetings with black leaders who were asking that city stores be closed to respect Dr. King's memory. Determined not to lose any of their pre-Easter business, the merchants refused. Instead, several downtown department stores broadcast a short speech by Mayor-Commissioner Washington on their store loudspeakers and the Washington Urban Coalition voted at its April board meeting to create a so-called Martin Luther King fund. The Coalition board pledged $50,000 (from the unspent riot relief money of a year earlier) to the King fund for aid to black housing, business and job programs. President McArdle declared in a press conference that the Coalition would try to raise up to $2 million. The King fund is still unborn, having been quietly forgotten after the danger of trouble seemed to go away.

The monthly board of directors meetings have had consistently low attendance and achieved little. Several times they have been canceled for lack of a quorum. Even the executive committee of eight members (with only two blacks and no women) has not always been able to get a quorum.

President McArdle's one-year term expired last spring, but by late summer he had still been unable to find a re-



New York Post

"By the Way, What Are We Developing To Protect Our Cities?"

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placement. (In the meantime, McArdle completed plans to move his city-based printing firm to the suburbs, apparently without noting any inconsistency between such moves and the steady exacerbation of urban "problems.") By his own count, more than fifteen prominent Washingtonians declined the office. In addition, Coalition treasurer William Calomiris had been unable to get a fund-raising chairman and the Coalition's money was almost exhausted. Thus the board voted reluctantly in early September to acknowledge financial realities. The Coalition gave immediate notice to most of the professional and secretarial staff. This board meeting was a mixture of praise for the Coalition's past usefulness (never defined) and the beginning of a burial by the whites of the idea that the Coalition would do very much in the future.

The Coalition has just now prevailed upon a local shoe store executive, Frank Rich, to take over as president. Rich does not have much political punch (his business is not one of Washington's big ones), but at least he has some liberal intentions. He will inherit the only senior staff person left, executive director Walter Lewis, another former Washington Urban League staffer who served briefly as assistant secretary at HUD at the end of the Johnson administration. Present Coalition plans call for a reduced budget of about $50,000 a year, with most of this money going to staff salaries and office rent.

Part of the reason for the Coalition's failure is that most of the city's power is not in local hands. The only elected body in the District of Columbia is the school board, and this has only been the case for the past year. Most of the power over city affairs is in the hands of the local Board of Trade and Congress, many members of which are hostile to or uninterested in the majority of the District's population, which is 73 per cent black.

The fault lies also with Mayor-Commissioner Washington for not trying to use the Coalition to build support for city programs he is trying to get through Congress. The Mayor has succeeded during his two years in office in being as inoffensive as possible to the business community. In return he has received very few scraps from the master's table: the District's revenue position is still insecure, home rule has not made any noticeable progress, the Mayor has not built an effective political base for himself or the city in his dealings with Congress.

The national Urban Coalition can also be blamed. John Gardner is adept at uplifting concerned whites with fine rhetoric on the need to work for social change, but he is rarely on hand when it comes to the practical struggles needed for changes. He and his staff have used the gentle but ineffective approach of flattering local Coalition businessmen rather than attempting to draft them.

The generally conservative Washington business community's attempt to involve itself with social change was half-hearted and short-lived. With a few exceptions like lumber company executive John Hechinger, ex-City Council president, and Joseph Danzansky, Giant Food Company president, the business community has been much taken by promises of the hard line from the Nixon Administration as "the solution" to urban problems.

The Urban Coalition in practice has been an effort with little to show for it, except to have diverted blacks and white liberals from the hard political job which they have to do in a world where businessmen are more often enemies than allies.

The decline of the Urban Coalition is not, after all, a phenomenon unique to Washington; the same history comes from cities across the country. There have been no outbursts in recent months, but the conditions remain and so does the danger. Now Gardner, with his expressed disappointment over the President's domestic policies, with his image of Croesus on the garbage dump, is at least acknowledging that the threat persists and the remedy has not caught hold.

THE CHICAGO 8

Wire Taps: Disclosed or Leaked?

PHILIP W. MOORE
Mr. Moore is a lawyer with Businessmen for the Public Interest. Last year he directed the Convention Litigation Project, sponsored by the Roger Baldwin Foundation.

Chicago

Early last March the Supreme Court set up new rules governing the use of wire-tapping evidence in federal prosecutions. The government must now disclose all illegal wire tapping to the defendants. The trial court, in turn, must hold a hearing on whether any or all of the wire tapping was illegal and on whether the evidence used against the defendants, or intended to be used, was a product of illegal wire tapping. If the evidence was a product of illegal wire tapping, it cannot be used in court against the defendants.

These rules are a significant departure from past practice in federal court, where previously the government did not have to admit to wire taps, or disclose the content of its tapping. One would hope that the new rules would restrict the government's wire-tapping activities generally, but such is not the case in the conspiracy trial of the Chicago 8.

The new Supreme Court requirements came down just as the federal grand jury in Chicago was concluding its investigation of the convention disorders. During the previous month reports from the grand jury had indicated that indictments were imminent, but shortly after the new wire-tap rules were announced, the press reported that the conspiracy indictments had been held up. According to these news stories the federal government did not want the conspiracy defendants to review

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the transcripts of their wire tapping. In particular, the government was concerned with public disclosure that it had been wire tapping foreign embassies to the United States.

New motions seeking to modify the Supreme Court ruling were filed by the government. And the new Attorney General issued a new opinion authorizing widespread wire tapping in the interest of "national security." The government's strategy was to argue that the conspiracy wire tapping was legal inasmuch as it was done in the interest of national security. On March 20, ten days after the Supreme Court rules were known, the government indicted eight leaders of the political Left for conspiring and crossing state lines to cause a riot in Chicago during the convention. These eight are: Rennie Davis, Tom Hayden and David Dellinger (National Mobilization); Jerry Rubin and Abbie Hoffman (Yippie); Bobby Seale (Black Panther Party) and two university professors, Lee Weiner and John Froines.

On the first court date after the indictments, attorneys for the defendants filed motions asking the government to disclose all of its illegal wire tapping and to suppress all evidence derived from illegal wire tapping. They called for a hearing on the nature of the wire-tap evidence that the government was intending to use against the defendants. The attorneys were relying, naturally enough, on the new Supreme Court rules to support their motion.

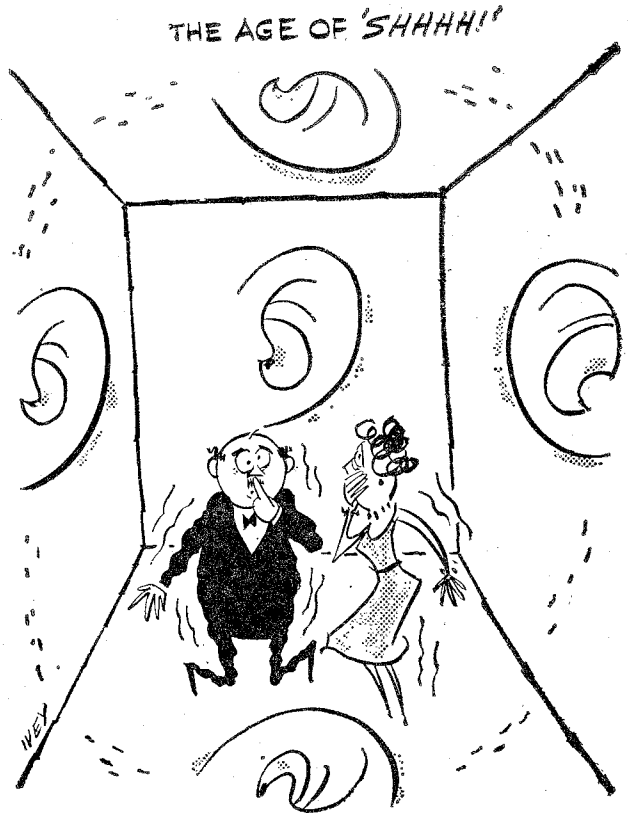
In an unprecedented move, the government admitted extensive wire tapping against most of the defendants. In all earlier wire-tap cases the government admitted wire tapping only after the trial and after the evidence had been used against the defendants.

The government turned over two tapes of admittedly illegal wire tapping, but has refused to surrender any of the other tapes (there are said to be seven), on the ground that concern for national security made the taps legal.

The trial judge, Julius Hoffman, has refused to rule on the national security argument or to hold a hearing on the nature of the government's wire tapping against the eight. He maintains stubbornly that the trial should proceed first. If the defendants are found not guilty, he argues, there is no need for hearings. He overlooks the fact that if the defendants are found guilty and a hearing discloses that illegal wire-tap evidence was used against them, he will have to hold a new trial. Moreover, he ignores the more important consideration that even if the defendants are found not guilty, they will have been subjected to a trial in which illegally obtained evidence was used against them.

The undisclosed wire tapping is admittedly illegal, except for the new proposition that national security confers legality. And since the court will not hold a hearing, the only person who makes the determination that national security is involved is Attorney General Mitchell.

Wire tapping is today widespread. Since the early 1960s the administrative definition of "subversive" has expanded so greatly that virtually any dissent can subject the dissenter to governmental eavesdropping. J. Edgar Hoover admits to tapping only forty phones in the country. It is difficult to believe this figure, but if it is true, it must mean that local agencies are tapping a great many more. The eight defendants in the conspiracy trial would account for 20 per cent of the tapping to which Hoover admits, and yet Attorney General Mitchell has indicated that wire tapping is an accepted method of law enforcement everywhere in the country.



If the determination of national security is left to such as Messrs. Mitchell and Hoover, there is still no protection against illegal wire tapping. The only time that judicial protection against wire tapping is invoked is when the government attempts to introduce wire-tap evidence against the defendants. And now in the conspiracy trial Judge Hoffman has not seen fit to invoke that protection.

There are problems enough with the use of wire tapping in court, but wire tapping has a multiplicity of other applications unrelated to court evidence. The very existence of wire tapping is itself a repression of dissent. Government officials are able to leak private facts about a person that would damage his standing and diminish his effectiveness in leading dissent.

A Chicago columnist, Mike Royko, reported not long ago that a former FBI agent took him out and tried to disclose some private facts about Martin Luther King, Jr., which had no bearing on his ability to lead the civil rights movement and no legal relevance whatsoever. Nor did these disclosures bear in any way on national security. The facts were disclosed in an apparent effort to embarrass King's leadership and diminish his standing with the press. Royko did not run the FBI's gossip.

The government has admitted illegally tapping the phones of Jimmy Hoffa and Cassius Clay, but in hear-

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ings that sought to reverse their convictions the courts found that none of the evidence used against them came from the illegal taps. If the wire-tap evidence had no relevance and was not used in court, then why did the government wire tap at all? This is particularly disturbing when public disclosure of the wire tapping brands the defendant as subversive, even if the government could not use the information to convict him.

Electronic eavesdropping in some of its forms has no use other than pure spying. In a memorandum anticipating the Democratic convention Chicago police noted that they had a "capability to monitor and tape Citizens Band and walkie-talkie transmissions in the area—(dissident groups)." Certainly radio communications by demonstrators were intercepted, but it is also likely that, in a period when phones were out of commission because of a strike, communications between campaign staff members were also intercepted. Apparently, the only people who determined which groups were "dissident" were members of the Chicago police.

Wire tapping is a form of search; it is a search of oral conversations. In any other type of search or seizure, the police must get a warrant before it can proceed. Moreover, the victim is aware of the search at the time it takes place or shortly thereafter. In wire tapping, no court exercises prior restraint over the search and the victims are not aware of it at the time it takes place. And since the products of the search are rarely introduced in court, the victim has no way of challenging the search at a subsequent time. Its fruits are simply filed away in the victim's records for whatever subsequent use the police may make.

That is the essential danger of current wire-tapping practices. Under the guise of national security, the government may compile information on private citizens. If the concept of national security legitimizes wire tapping, and thus protects it from judicial or public review, then we may all expect our phones to be tapped. And if the government is the only judge of whether or not a phone should be tapped in the interest of national security, we shall have no control over the use of wire-tapped information.

Of the many issues being litigated in the trial of the Chicago 8, perhaps none is so crucial as the general theme: governmental repression. These eight are being tried under a repressive law in a repressive city by a repressive judge. But what is most disturbing is that they are also being tried by the underbelly of the government. The witnesses against them are paid informants who posed as demonstrators, some, perhaps, being provocateurs; they are the cops who spent the summer of 1968 tailing these defendants, and they are the agents who have listened to numerous, usually irrelevant, phone conversations. You would think that if these defendants had been committing crimes while the cops were listening in, they would have arrested them then. Instead, they compiled the information, in case someone like Mitchell should decide to use it in a political trial. And in a political trial it is political, not legal, considerations that will prevent wire tapping.

NEGRO COLLEGES

ESCAPE FROM THE DARK CAVE

JOHN U. MONRO
Mr. Monro, dean of Harvard College from 1958 to 1967, is now director of freshman studies at Miles College, Birmingham, Ala.

Birmingham

At Miles College, in Birmingham, I am responsible for trying to develop and conduct a freshman program for some 300 young men and women, all black, who come to us from the local schools in Alabama. It is fifteen years since the great *Brown* decision of the Supreme Court ordered the desegregation of the schools, but hardly one of our 300 freshmen has ever had a white teacher before, or been to school with white classmates. Alabama is now fiftieth on the list of states in per-pupil expenditure for schooling (about $400 per child per year, as compared with about $1,000 in New York State), and in the South —as in the North—black schools seem to get the short end of the budget allocations. So it is no surprise that after twelve years of school, the students coming to Miles seem to be, on average, at about the 9th or 10th grade level in mathematical and language skills.

I recall very well that in my previous incarnation, when I was a dues-paying member of the white community, I had a hard time taking seriously the notion that I and my well-meaning, liberal-minded, church-going friends were bigoted racists. And a couple of years back when I first heard young black people accusing us good white folks of "genocide," I considered the accusation dangerous, and also rather paranoid and absurd. But I see things somewhat differently now. I find it a particularly rich experience to live and work in a black community, mainly because in the black community you develop a clarity of vision about the realities of American life.

I have learned how important it is to listen to the metaphors with which black poets have tried to describe the pain that they feel. For example, one day six years ago a strong, gentle young black man, a Harvard undergraduate, laid on my desk a copy of W.E.B. Du Bois' *Souls of Black Folk*. He said: "If you really want to know what I'm thinking, and what makes me move, then you must read this book." So, of course, I read it, and admired it in an intellectual way. But now, six years later,

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I know what my young friend meant and what an honor he conferred on me by inviting me in.

Day by day, in my new incarnation my respect grows for W.E.B. Du Bois. As a Harvard man, I find it incredible that Harvard had Du Bois as an undergraduate and gifted graduate student seventy years ago, and let him go. It sometimes seems to me that our national history might have been different otherwise. But Harvard saw Du Bois as a Negro and let him go. And it seems to me a great national tragedy and loss, and characteristic of us as a people, that we now categorize Du Bois as a Communist, and so turn away from a life and work which would help us to understand our national guilt and our present convulsions. Here is how white America looked to Du Bois:

> It is as though one, looking out from a dark cave in a side of an impending mountain, sees the world passing and speaks to it; speaks courteously and persuasively, showing them how these entombed souls are hindered in their natural movement, expression, and development; and how their loosening from prison would be a matter not simply of courtesy, sympathy, and help to them, but aid to all the world.
>
> One talks on evenly and logically in this way but notices that the passing throng does not even turn its head, or if it does, glances curiously and walks on.
>
> It gradually penetrates the minds of the prisoners that the people passing do not hear; that some thick sheet of invisible but horribly tangible plate glass is between them and the world.
>
> They get excited; they talk louder. They gesticulate. Some of the passing world stop in curiosity; these gesticulations seem so pointless; they laugh and pass on. They still either do not hear at all, or hear but dimly, and even when they hear, they do not understand.
>
> Then the people within may become hysterical. They may scream and hurl themselves against the barriers, hardly realizing in their bewilderment that they are screaming in a vacuum, unheard, and that their antics may seem funny to those outside looking in.
>
> They may even, here and there, break through in blood and disfigurement, and find themselves faced by a horrified, implacable, and quite overwhelming mob of people frightened for their own very existence.

What makes Du Bois' metaphor of the black people imprisoned in the cave, behind the plate glass window, so terrible is that it is still true, today, right down to the bloody bit about what happens to the occasional black man who breaks through the barrier and runs into the mob of frightened whites.

Other poets have produced other terrible metaphors for our national curse. Langston Hughes spoke of Harlem, "here on the edge of Hell," "where a nickel costs a dime." Hughes, too, saw racial prejudice as a *wall*; when I was a young man, he said, "the wall rose slowly, slowly, between me and my dream, dimming, hiding the light of my dreams, rose until it touched the sky—the wall." For Richard Wright the terrible thing that thrust in between him and the world was the vision of a horrid lynching, a black man burned, and around the scene "upon the trampled grass . . . buttons, dead matches, butt ends of cigars and cigarettes, peanut shells, a drained gin-flask, and a whore's lipstick." Ralph Ellison's great metaphor was the *Invisible Man*, and I remind you that, though we usually think of Ellison as a moderate and literary man, the first thing his invisible man does, as we meet him, is beat within an inch of his life a blue-eyed white man who bumped and insulted him one dark night. Ellison has his invisible man run from the scene "laughing so hard I feared I might rupture myself."

Or take the metaphor of a sensitive young white man, Jonathan Kozol, who tried to teach in the segregated black schools in Boston, and was fired for having his students read Langston Hughes's poem, "Ballad of the Landlord." Kozol called his book, *Death at an Early Age*, and his subtitle was: *The Destruction of the Hearts and Minds of Negro Children in the Boston Public Schools*.

It seems wise to try to communicate what I am trying to say by resorting to metaphor, because the plain statistical facts of our racism are so well known, have been so well known so long, and have so little effect. In this free and rich society, *if* a man is black, just *because* he is black, this is his table of probabilities:

Twice as many black babies as white will die before age 1; because they are black. Four times as many mothers will die in childbirth; because they are black. Between the ages of 30 and 60, twice as many blacks will die as whites. There is three times more chance that a black student will drop out of school before 6th grade, and about one-half the chance that he will finish high or college. In the South, only 15 per cent of young black men and women of college age will get to college, as compared to 50 per cent for young white people; this means that each year some 75,000 black young men and women of college ability, reaching college age, just do not get to college at all; because they are black.

The tabulation goes on, as long as it is familiar. We could go into the matter of jobs, of income levels, of opportunity for real management positions; we could go into housing, what it's like to be confined in a ghetto; we could go into the bloody figures of the military draft for fighting in Vietnam, and the great white sanctuary of college and graduate school; we could document the behavior of white police in black neighborhoods.

In my freshman Social Studies class at Miles I must each day try to explain the American social and political structure to fifteen black young men and women, who, it develops, already know more about the dirty side of that system, and how it *really* operates, than I can ever know. One big, strong, black young man in that class whom I have come to respect particularly is Fred Rogers. Mr. Rogers is a steady man of 24, who has served five years in the Army, three of them in Vietnam. He knows all about the percentage of Negro combat troops in Vietnam, and the high percentage of Negro young men in the daily body counts. He lives in a part of town where there is no sewage system, and no paved streets; where black people live in rickety shacks, Negro schools are third rate, and where the prospect is, if he finished on

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through college, he can hope maybe some day to be a schoolteacher, if he is careful not to offend anybody. In Alabama he would make better money as a carpenter, or in the steel mills. But he has no real chance of getting a job in business or industry commensurate with his power as a man—his intelligence, his energy, his force.

Fred Rogers is an expert on the brutality of the American social and economic system. He comes to class each day, sits down front, and stares at me unblinking and unsmiling as I try to explain to him and his black classmates how the American social system works.

Mr. Rogers is unfailingly polite and does not say much, but when he does come on, it is like a ton of bricks. And, of course, his presence tends to affect the whole class, my own preparation and presentation of the material, and the response from the other students. I am sure that as a white man trying to present this material, I often annoy and frustrate Mr. Rogers. He seldom shows his annoyance, which is a tribute to his patience and manners. But in that class we are always operating on the edge of annoyance and frustration, and because it is tough and tense, it is the best educational mix in the world.

One day in class we were discussing the phenomenon of "culture," when Mr. Rogers weighed in. "As I listen to this," he said, "it seems to me that I am a man living in two cultures. Or anyway, I was brought up and I live in a black culture; and to get along, I have to learn how to cope with the white culture. And these two cultures are different; in fact one seems very hostile; and it is damned hard."

Given what he has been through in Vietnam, what he lives with every day in Bessemer, and the struggle he faces in the years ahead just to get a decent, self-respecting job in our society, I must say I find Mr. Rogers incredibly moderate. What he has been through, and what he confronts, just because he is black, entitles him to regard me, or any other white man, *categorically*, as the enemy, as part of the evil force oppressing every hour of his life. The miracle—the daily miracle of Miles College and the Birmingham black community—is that Fred Rogers and his classmates, and parents, have not yet come to hate white people categorically. They are still moderate—tough and independent and alert and taking no nonsense—but still willing to talk and listen and work through institutions. The moderation is not for eternity; we are in a terrible race with the erosion of good will in the black community. This fact, already all too visible in the North, is now becoming visible in the South. By a miracle, we still have time, but not much time, and the opportunity to do what must be done is slipping away.

Do I mean by all this that "integration is dead"? That is a central question. In an interview with *Look* Mrs. Betty Shabazz, the widow of Malcolm X, said: "Blacks have been trying to integrate for nearly four centuries, and they have failed. Integration has failed. We have been forced into separate neighborhoods and separate lives, and now we have to go our own way. Now we blacks are going to rule ourselves."

I note certain similarities between Mrs. Shabazz's position and Fred Rogers' position, and what may be a difference. Fred Rogers is planning, somehow, for all the difficulties, to break through and make it in the general national community; and he is planning, at the same time, to turn his energies and talents to the strengthening of the black community. He sees a strong black community as a power base from which he can hope to have some impact on the white community, for himself and his own career, and for others. He would not call what he wants "integration"; what he wants is *equality* of education, of job opportunity; he wants justice, a say in the government, and freedom to move about like any other self-respecting citizen. There's an important difference between "equality" and "integration." For one thing, the idea of integration, as most white people think of it, bores Fred Rogers stiff. He finds most white people cold, hypocritical, inhumane, selfish, impersonal, driven by altogether stupid ambitions involving status and material wealth—in a word depersonalized and "hung up." After two years at Miles College, living in the black community of Birmingham, I think Mr. Rogers sees the white community just about right.

What is more important, Fred Rogers has begun to learn how the United States really works. What white America respects is not weakness but strength; America respects not rational pleas for help but rather any serious threat to vital parts of the system; and most particularly any threat to profits and sacred property. I am old enough to remember the great national labor struggles in the 1930s. We learned then that our great industries—Ford, General Motors, big steel—were not responsive to the needs and concerns of the individual workers, until the workers, with a prolonged, brutal effort, pulled their thing together, and developed the institutional strength to stop the great factories and shut off their profits. Then the working man got attention, and he got respect. He became then a *respectable* threat; an organized, institutional threat.

The American black community will start making real progress in the United States when it discovers the analogy between its own position and the position of unorganized labor a half century ago. It will not work in our society to think of the black community as a separate nation: the metaphor is just wrong. But it will work to think of the black community as a great, national, *black union*. Let me push the analogy one step further. Whereas labor unions were in a position to command respect and attention because they could, and did, close down factories, the black community is in a position to command respect and attention because it can shut down great cities. That threat strikes a nerve in the power structure: it makes its money in the great cities.

So, I believe very strongly in some form of Black Power. I think that the only way any group of people gets along in this country is by strength and not weakness. I observe that our special national genius seems to be the organizing of social institutions, large and small, to accomplish all sorts of purposes. And I observe further that the black people have never gotten seriously into this universal national game, this organizing of effective units of institutional power.

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A lot of people I meet, white and black, are scared by the idea of Black Power. I am bound to say that Black Power scares me a whole lot less than industrial power or military power, or the unholy marriage of those two; and scares me a good deal less than what we experience in Alabama as Wallace power, or in Chicago as Daley power. Indeed, it seems to me that the most serious social consequences for us lie not in developing institutional strength and responsibility in the black community—black unity—but in the continuation of a condition of black powerlessness, accompanied by tokenism and oppression. That way surely lie frustration and deepening anger, and terrible social explosions.

One obvious consequence of what I have been saying—obvious enough to me, anyway—is that as a society we should realize the importance of the predominantly Negro colleges, and find ways to make them strong and effective. There are some 120 junior and senior black colleges, almost all in the South, and they enroll more than 125,000 students, something more than half of all the black students going to college in the United States. This percentage is slowly diminishing as formerly all-white colleges warm up to their responsibilities. But the importance of colleges like Miles increases month by month. In his very constructive and thoughtful study of the black colleges published in 1965, Earl McGrath noted that some 40 per cent of the students come from families with incomes below $4,000; indeed 70 per cent come from families with incomes below $6,000. In the country at large, 80 per cent of all students going to college have family incomes *above* $6,000. The black colleges are reaching a seriously disadvantaged population that no other colleges even know about, much less can reach.

I have already said that the freshman class at Miles College seems, after twelve years of school, to be on the average at the 9th- or 10th-grade level. These figures are not at all atypical, and they do not say a word as to the intelligence or academic potential of the young peole; the figures testify only to grossly inadequate schooling. And I noted earlier that each year in the South some 75,000 black boys and girls who have the potential to go to college never get there.

This is the problem that the Negro colleges have been working on, day after day, devotedly, at bare subsistence levels of support, for a hundred years. And it will continue to be the big job for the black colleges in the years ahead. It is not a job the fast-moving, rich white colleges and universities can do, at least not by themselves.

My central point here is that all the colleges in America, black and white, working together, have a most serious task cut out for them in the years ahead. *How* they should be working together is not yet altogether clear. Some notable early examples of cooperative efforts are under way, and we are learning from them. Principally the nation must become aware that the black colleges, for all their weakness and shortcomings, will be essential to this effort. They are geographically positioned to be in closest contact with some of the most needy areas. They are accustomed to working with students who are badly prepared for college, and to moving them along to graduate school. Thus they are critical centers of contact and of a growing expertise.

Another critical task for colleges like Miles is to serve as centers for the development of some measure of institutional strength in the black communities of the South. A few recent events will suggest how important such a college can be. When the city and county were slow to develop a local base for poverty programs, Miles College launched the first Head Start program in Birmingham. It developed programs for retraining industrial workers. It is a center for the attack on adult illiteracy; within the year it undertook to manage the VISTA program in the county and in counties to the south. As a consequence of new voting rights, the area is beginning to elect a few black officials into local governments. Miles is trying to provide these new officials with information and research assistance as they attack their new jobs.

So, we must come to see the Negro colleges not just as impoverished and struggling educational institutions but as centers for the development of institutional strength, of coordinated efforts of many kinds, in communities which have dangerously little institutional strength or resources. It is no accident that at Miles College, we now stress more and more the importance, after a student has completed his undergraduate and graduate work, that he come back to the South and put his hard-won skills to work in the community.

So we must quit worrying whether it is the "right thing" to support the black colleges. They are here to stay because, poor though they are, they are performing a critical function, as educational institutions and as centers of community strength. The challenge is to find ways to beef up that effort and make it more effective; through organizations like the United Negro College Fund; through government aid, as through Title III of the Higher Education Act; and through carefully worked out, long-range

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associations between black colleges and white colleges.

From what I have said about the educational effort in the colleges and the importance of community organization, it follows that I am entirely sympathetic with the insistence of our black communities that they be given control over the schools that serve black children in black neighborhoods. To paraphrase Betty Shabazz on this matter: "White people would consider it insane if black people tried to run white schools. Now it's time for black people to make as much sense, and to take charge of the education of their own children." I say flatly, it is the clearest example I know of white racism, of white people's built-in sense of superiority, to assume that whites should have charge of black children's education. All the facts cry out in the other direction. White people have made schools a weapon of oppression against black children. Read Jonathan Kozol's *Death at an Early Age*.

Consider rural Alabama. The U.S. Civil Rights Commission last year revisited sixteen rural counties in southern Alabama, an impoverished farm area with a population of some 350,000, about three-fifths black. They found, among other things, that for people over 25, the median grade level of school-leaving for white people was eleven grades, and for black people 5.5 grades. The commission found also that, fifteen years after the Supreme Court decision ordering desegregation of schools, only 2 per cent of the black students were attending formerly all-white schools. I would add that the same percentage, about 2 per cent, or less, holds also in metropolitan Jefferson County, around Birmingham.

The commission found further than in Clarke County, for example, virtually all white schools were valued and insured for more than $100,000. No black school was valued above $20,000 and two were insured for $750. The commission asked the State Superintendent of Education, Mr. Ernest Stone, why Clarke County has white schools worth $100,000 and black schools worth $750. Here is Mr. Stone's verbatim reply: "Well, I would assume that the building which is assessed for $110,000 is a more expensive building than the one that is assessed for $750. That would be a reasonable assumption. Now, the state has nothing to do with the building of either one of the buildings. All the plans were promulgated by the local school system. It is a little something that we call democracy and we think it has worked pretty well."

This response will be something to think about if the federal government takes seriously the fervent demands of the South that it send to the states for education "blocks of money with no strings."

I do not find it strange or surprising, but simply inevitable, that black parents should be deeply angry at white racist management of their children's schools and should demand to run the schools themselves.

In the distribution of funds and people for the new effort of schooling, it is critical that we place a great deal of emphasis on strengthening the work in the early grades, in fact strengthen efforts like Head Start, to get the children started before age 6. It is evident, as Ivor Kraft noted in a recent article in *The Nation* ["Second-Class Schools in a First-Class Power," May 26] that improving our elementary schools will be a most difficult job. Most schools and most teachers put an emphasis on rote learning, on conformity, on obedience and order. And most teachers are little prepared to confront racial attitudes, either within themselves, or in the very young. Further, as Kraft observes, elementary schools don't have an internal force pressing hard for changes, as do the colleges. So I sense that another task for our colleges and universities, as responsible members of the nation's educational enterprise, is to try to affect in every way they can what goes on in the grade schools.

We must strive now harder than ever for desegregated education. I do not use the word "integrated," for it has certain connotations of cultural assimilation, and "integration" of that sort is simply over. But "desegregation" is clear. It means requiring the end of separate school systems, and educating young white people and young black people in the same schools, so that they can educate each other. No other item on the national agenda is more important.

The Supreme Court reached the right decision in the *Brown* case of 1954, but for the wrong reason. The Court spoke of the oppression and discouragement that fell upon the minds of young black students by the mere fact of separation, and of the need to relieve this circumstance if black children were to receive the even break guaranteed by the Constitution. What the Court would have done better to stress is the sickness of soul that descends upon white youngsters when *they* are separated and segregated, and brought up willy-nilly with a subconscious sense of white superiority.

There may seem to be a contradiction between what I said earlier about Black Power, about black control of black schools, and the need for desegregation that I now stress. The contradiction seems to me more apparent than real. We must arrive at a standoff, a confrontation, between black and white America based, not on appeals to generosity and tolerance but on conditions of real strength and self-respect and self-awareness on either side, and an awareness of and respect for the other man. The idea of a black "nation," the use of that word "nation," contains a helpful suggestion. In this crazy world a certain categorical respect attaches to membership in a recognized nation state; a foreign nationality carries more esteem, indeed, than white America renders its black citizens. I do not go all the way with black nationalists, because the metaphor becomes too confused when you think of a nation scattered in pockets large and small across 3,000 miles and surrounded by yet another nation. But the idea of a black community, of a great *black union*, united in righteous anger, and determined to work as one, is just right in the United States. It can become the basis for a position of real social strength and pride. Such a development does not at all rule out desegregation, or other contact with the white community. On the contrary, it assures that desegregation and interracial contact will produce mutual respect.

Another thing we must do if we are to have a rational future, is to teach all our people, young and old, in school and out, the long, tortured, truthful story of racial confrontation and oppression in our country. The failure of the schools, and especially the colleges, to see the central importance of this dreadful theme to our national

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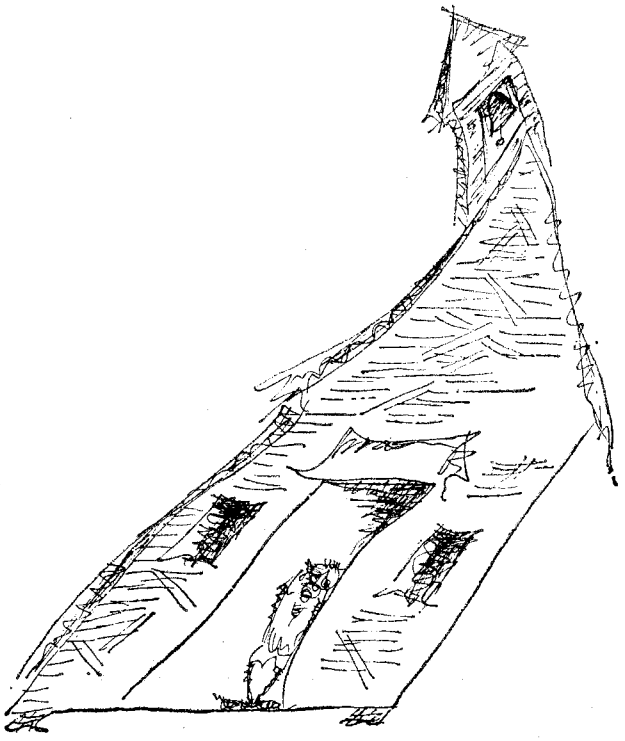

life—and to deal with it—is the surest sign we have of the essential insensitivity, the habit-ridden conformity, of our educational establishment. We teach every exotic thing you can think of in our great universities: Northern Welsh Literature, Middle Irish, Origins of European Romanticism, Andean Archaeology, *Beowulf*, History of the Byzantine Empire, the Minor Works of Rousseau. And the Lord knows what idiotic refinements of established professional specialties in the sciences.

In our schools we devote months on end to the *Iliad*, that poeticized story of a two-penny comic-opera war fought 3,000 years ago in the Dardanelles. But our learned faculties cannot see—as history or tragedy—our own terrible racial epic, one of the most agonized struggles in human history, involving millions of men and women over nearly four centuries. That is, they cannot see it until the black students—like the G.M. workers of thirty years ago—stop the works. The students are dead right, and let us get on with it.

Like most Americans, I have been worried that the new student rebellions would produce an uncontrollable backlash; that we would have to grind our way through a long period of repression, and then further response from students, and then still further repression by police and National Guard. We must look forward to a difficult period, no doubt, for there are hundreds of campuses where faculties have yet to discover that the history of black people in America is a topic demanding some priority over ancient Greek dialects. But I am pleased and encouraged that the crucial confrontation is taking place in the colleges and universities, which, for all their conservatism and stuffiness, are still the most responsive large institutions left in this country. We shall go through some bad experiences on the campuses—at least as bad as those of the last two years. But we shall achieve, also, some constructive results. We are having some already.

I was much impressed by President Morris Abrams' thoughtful handling of the Brandeis sit-in; and by President Levy's determination that, come what may, the University of Chicago wants to work through to solutions with its own students, without calling in the law. There are special reasons for not calling in the law of Chicago to help solve student problems, but the underlying principle is nonetheless sound.

I am most of all heartened by the recent action of a faculty committee at Harvard, working its way to a series of suggestions as to how Harvard should proceed to develop a black studies program. To arrive at its recommendation, the faculty committee met regularly with black student groups and their representatives, and the report shows on every page that the faculty was listening and learning.

Two passages from Harvard came through like music in the black community:

> The absence of course offerings in many areas of Afro-American culture is emphatically a matter of more than academic or pedagogical concern to black students. Indeed, it seems likely that the absence of such offerings is the single most potent source of the black students' discontent at Harvard. The lack of such courses can strike the black students as a negative judgment by Harvard University on the importance of these areas of knowledge and research, and, by inference, on the importance of the black people themselves.
>
> More pointedly, there is the problem faced by the black student, who, coming to Harvard, may feel more or less consciously, something of a dislocation from the black community. Many students who addressed the committee expressed the need to legitimize, inwardly as well as publicly, their presence at Harvard while other blacks remain in the ghetto, confronting its problems, bearing its burdens. Herein lies one of the major sources of the demand for courses relevant to the black experience. What the black student wants is an opportunity to study the black experience and to employ the intellectual resources of Harvard in seeking solutions to the problems of the black community—so that he will be better prepared to assist the community in solving these problems. Such educational opportunities at Harvard would help the black student to justify his separation from the larger black community—and would attest that the separation was by no means radical or permanent.

And a final statement from the same report:

> In our opinion, the *status quo* with respect to Afro-American Studies at Harvard is not satisfactory. Quite a number of courses recognize the existence of black men in the development of America; quite a bit of expertise is already available. However, merely recognizing black men as integral segments of certain overall social processes is not good enough. We are dealing with 25 million of our own people with a special history, culture, and range of problems. It can hardly be doubted that the study of black men in America is a legitimate and urgent academic endeavor. If this be so and if we are determined to launch this field of study successfully, farsighted goals and programs are required. These goals and programs should maintain and even raise academic standards; should avoid considering the black experience in isolation; and finally, should have meaning for all serious students—black and white.

Amen, brothers! Amen!

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UNITED NATIONS

THE MELANCHOLY RITUALS

RICHARD J. WALTON

Mr. Walton was the principal Voice of America correspondent at the United Nations for five years. He then resigned to write The Remnants of Power: The Tragic Last Years of Adlai Stevenson *(Coward-McCann). He is now at work on a study of the foreign policy of President Kennedy, to be published by Viking Press.*

A symbol of peace, the glass tower of the United Nations Secretariat building stands tall and splendid alongside New York's East River. There and in the other modernistic buildings clustered around it, international civil servants and delegates from 126 countries go about their business: peace. The idealism of this place and these people draws hundreds of thousands of visitors each year, for the UN has become one of the world's great tourist attractions. At a time when the world is eager for the peace it so seldom sees, they come to visit the halls of peace and most of them leave with a sense of uplift, even inspiration.

So it was meant to be. Yet although the United Nations buildings are as striking as ever, and even busier, there is in these halls, undetected by the casual visitor, a deep and pervasive melancholy. It has come not because the United Nations often fails to find peace. What else but frequent failure can be expected in the quest for a goal that has eluded man since his first days on earth? Failure can be borne, but what cannot be borne is the growing fear that the United Nations is irrelevant. This institution, conceived in faith, often called "the last great hope of mankind," this institution born in the waning days of a cataclysmic general war, founded "to save succeeding generations from the scourge of war," seems to be consigned to the most futile and frustrating of fates, empty ritual. There are more meetings than ever, the documents pile higher than ever, the parties continue their endless round. But what is the purpose? To try, to fail, to try again; no one can ask more of man or institution. But to be, in the words of one disillusioned Indian, "a glass house growing hothouse plants," would undermine the morale of any but the most bureaucratic.

The UN, after all, is nothing but the reflection of the world it is supposed to represent, and how does its highest officer, Secretary-General U Thant, see the world? He said in his 1968 annual report: "There has been a serious decline in the standards of international ethics and morality, with states relying increasingly on force and violence as a means of resolving their international differences. This tendency to return to force as a means of national policy strikes at the very basis of the United Nations; just settlement is sacrificed to superior might. . . . If this trend is not reversed, and if the principle of nonintervention in the free destiny of nations is not re-established, the future of international peace and security itself is indeed a very dark one."

That was a year ago. Has there been an improvement since? U Thant opened his 1969 report as follows: "During the past twelve months, the deterioration of the international situation . . . has continued." And the Secretary-General said later: "Furthermore, I have a strong feeling time is running out. This is true as much in regard to international peace and security, including disarmament, as it is true for economic and social development."

And the new president of the General Assembly, Miss Angie Brooks of Liberia, used such phrases as these in her opening address: "the gradual decline of the United Nations in the eyes of public opinion . . . the delusion that we are doing our best. . . ." She went on to say: "The sense of satisfaction, upon adoption of a resolution pleasing the purposes of one delegation or of a homogeneous group of delegations, has helped to perpetuate the mythology of achievement, so that many of us tend to go happily from one agenda item to the next without seriously considering the possibility or even probability that the resolution adopted will not be implemented."

Why this gloom? Almost everyone at the UN who will commit himself agrees with U Thant that the responsibility for the grim situation rests primarily with the United States and Russia. The two nations most important in creating the UN have in recent years not only disregarded the principles on which it is based but have brushed aside such attempts as it has made to influence them in its role of international keeper of the peace. Again, U Thant's words: "It is, certainly, a frightening commentary on the ominous state of world affairs that one superstate or the other can become exercised to the point of resorting to military action because of the liberalization of a regime in a small country like Czechoslovakia, or because of an internal upheaval in another small state, such as the Dominican Republic. . . . It is . . . a dismal outlook for the small and militarily weak states of the world—as the overwhelming majority of states are—if they can hope to control their own affairs only insofar as they do nothing to displease a powerful neighbor." Extraordinary words for Thant to direct at the two nations which can make his tenure as Secretary-General impossible.

There is a lovely irony in this situation. In April 1965, when American troops poured into Santo Domingo to crush the rebellion intended to return the democratically elected Juan Bosch to the Presidency, the Soviet Union burst out in righteous indignation against the United States in the Security Council, only to have the United States tell the Council to mind its own business, that the question was a matter solely for the Organization of American States, a puppet of the United States. And when Russian troops poured into defenseless Czechoslovakia, a righteous United States condemned the Rus-

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sians in the Security Council, only to have the Russians tell the Council to mind its own business, that the question was an internal matter solely for the Warsaw Pact, a puppet of the USSR.

But if it is possible at the UN to equate Russia in Czechoslovakia with the United States in the Dominican Republic, there is nothing to balance against the American intervention in Vietnam. This intrusion, more than any other single factor, has cast the United Nations into despair. For years, as the casualties mounted, the UN has been forced to watch from the side lines; an organization whose *raison d'être* is the maintenance and restoration of peace could do no more than wring its hands. This distressed a number of Americans, including many who, though they should have known better, kept calling on the UN to act. But everyone at the UN knew that it was totally powerless. In the first place, the United States, certain that its domination of the Security Council would prevent any major embarrassment, went before that body solely to make propaganda statements. Further, it was apparent to the delegations that North Vietnam and China would not, could not, permit the UN to play a substantial role as long as they were not members. Nonetheless, U Thant for years sought behind the scenes to arrange peace talks. When he got Hanoi's consent to private talks, the United States shrugged off the arrangement. Despite these rebuffs, U Thant continued to assert, and later events swiftly bore him out, that America had only to halt the bombing of North Vietnam to get prompt peace talks.

However, Vietnam and Czechoslovakia and the Dominican Republic are only part of the story; the UN's problems are still more profound. Its writ is supposed to run the world over, but look at the map. From the day World War II ended, the great powers declared Europe out of bounds for the UN. The Monroe Doctrine has effectively kept North and South America outside its jurisdiction. With Communist China not a member, the UN's influence in Asia is marginal. That leaves only the Middle East and Africa. And the Middle East is a snake pit with neither Israelis nor Arabs, Americans nor Russians able to contribute to the area's stability. With Vietnam the UN can offer at least the legalistic excuse that North Vietnam and South Vietnam and China are not members, but what can it plead with respect to the Middle East? Israel is a creation of the UN, the two superpowers were among the first to recognize it, and Israel and its Arab neighbors are all members and thus pledged to settle differences peacefully. But again, the UN must stand idle as the Middle East seems to slide inevitably toward catastrophe

Thus only Africa remains. The UN played a major role in hastening the pell-mell rush of African nations to independence in the early years of the decade, but that is now over. Almost all of Africa, except the bedrock racist southern tip, is today ruled by Africans. And with the racists the UN has made absolutely no progress in years of anguish. By overwhelming majorities the UN has passed hundreds of resolutions directed to South Africa, Southern Rhodesia and Portuguese-ruled Angola and Mozambique. They are ignored by those to whom they are directed and dismissed as "unrealistic" by the United States, Britain, France and their allies. Unrealistic they certainly are, for these resolutions often call on the Western industrial nations to back up with political and economic action their always eloquent pleas for self-determination by free, fair elections. There is nothing more unrealistic than to expect the industrial nations to risk their investments and trade for the sake of the dignity, even the lives of the blacks of southern Africa. To the dismay of the African delegates, President Nixon in his empty speech of September 18 to the General Assembly did not even mention Africa. And the Russians offer almost unbounded verbal support, but little else.

The result is obvious. Without the active support of the industrial nations, UN action would be worse than ineffective; it would be a joke. But what is the UN to do: overlook cruel injustice; or try to act, only to be stymied by the very nations that founded it? Thus many African and Asian delegates have become bitter —and worse, apathetic and complaisant.

Some Western diplomats and correspondents blame these Afro-Asian nations for the ineffectualness of the UN. They point to the steam-roller tactics whereby the Afro-Asian bloc rams through the General Assembly resolutions on such pet questions as colonialism and South African racism. But cynically or foolishly, they confuse rhetoric with action, for these resolutions are usually without real effect. Huge Afro-Asian majorities notwithstanding, power in the world—and thus in the UN—resides with the great powers.

It is true, however, that the Afro-Asian bloc contributes much less than it could, that it seldom uses what power it has. The Afro-Asian group, joined by such relatively disinterested nations as the Scandinavians, Canada, Ireland and a few others, could raise a powerful voice. Economic and military power, to be sure, would still be limited, but if such a large group spoke out with a single voice for peace and reason, if it challenged with common sense and human concern the hypocrises of the great powers, if it proposed realistic but imaginative solutions, the UN could at least, in Thant's words, be "a vigorous and articulate third force which could serve as the voice of conscience and mankind." That would be no little achievement.

But although the Afro-Asian bloc can pull together on certain colonial, racial and economic issues, it is seldom able to do so on other great issues. Perhaps its members fail to see why they as a group should play the risky game of interceding in the disputes of the great powers, perhaps they take a certain understandable satisfaction from great power discord, perhaps they don't want to jeopardize economic or political aid from one or the other of the superpowers, or perhaps they just see no point in trying.

It often seems that the Afro-Asian delegations are content to live in their seductively pleasant but make-believe world on the East River, perhaps because the real world outside those immense glass windows is so inhospitable. But it is one world and if the weaker nations won't even try to work together on all issues for the purposes of the Charter, they must share with the

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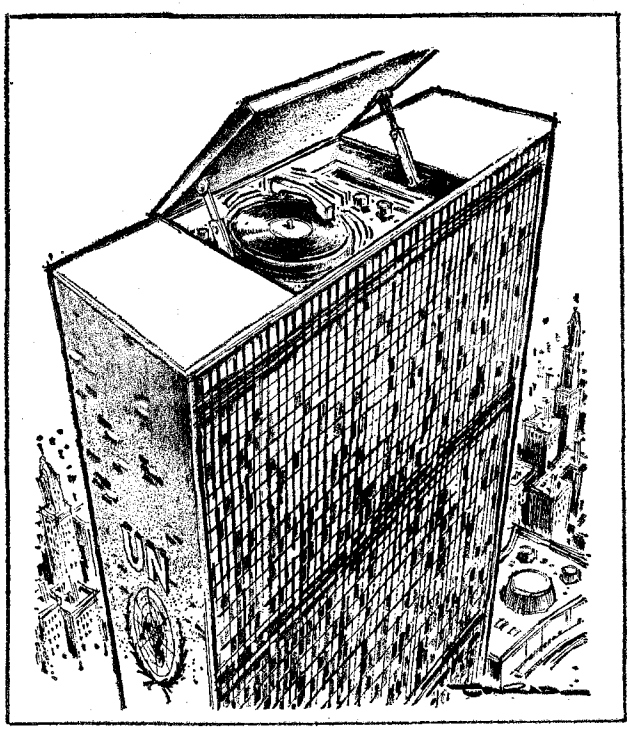
great powers some of the blame for the UN's impotence. Only if the Afro-Asian group can rise above the diplomatic busy-work referred to by Angie Brooks can it make more than a parochial contribution to the UN and world peace.

One such empty ritual is the annual debate on the seating of Communist China. There is absolutely nothing more vital to the United Nations, and to world peace, than the reintegration of China into world society. U Thant has often said in private, and less bluntly in public, that the absence of China harms the UN in every sphere of its activity.

Yet even though the importance of China's presence is beyond question, the annual debate has become perfunctory, a disagreeable chore rather than a great issue. Last November, as before in recent years, it was accomplished quickly, with little passion or conviction, even without much canvassing for votes, except possibly in a routine way by the United States and Nationalist China. Everyone knows that as long as the United States wants China kept out, it will be kept out; the merits of the case are thus irrelevant and not worth anyone's excitement. Since America's grip on its client states, mostly in Latin America but with a few others scattered elsewhere, shows no sign of being weakened by the Vietnamese debacle, it is a matter of waiting until the United States changes its mind—if it ever does.

The bitter humor in this impasse is that if the United States had not blocked China's legitimate claim to a seat in 1949, the Korean War might never have taken place, and would almost certainly not have assumed such disastrous proportions. And since American fear of China was plainly behind the U.S. intervention in Vietnam, it is possible that that political, military and moral disaster could have been avoided if China had been a member of the family of nations.



Los Angeles Times

"World Peace . . . World Peace . . . World Peace . . ."

That is not to say that only the United States wants China kept out. A good many nations have settled comfortably into the UN club and fear, with good reason, that China's presence would upset the pleasant routine. They have visions of grim, implacable Chinese stalking the halls in their Mao suits, insisting in the extreme language of Radio Peking that the UN mend its ways, that it stop kowtowing to Washington and Moscow, that it encourage revolution. Some say that Chinese representation would mean a return for at least a decade to the bitter language of the worst days of the cold war. That is probably an exaggeration, but even if true, it would at least bring some life to the UN. To quote Earl Foell, the able *Los Angeles Times* correspondent, "the United Nations is more likely to die of gentility than of adversity." But since President Nixon, no friend of China, cannot be expected to do an about-face (although his anti-Communist reputation gives him much more freedom of maneuver than any Democratic President would have had), the presence of China will remain a matter for academic discussion.

All this would seem to be enough woe for the still young United Nations (although at 24 it has already outlived the effective life of the League of Nations), but there is much more. In the 20th century, political problems always mean financial problems as well, as the UN has learned to its sorrow. Only an accountant can make real sense out of the UN's complicated bookkeeping, but it is no overstatement to say that the world organization is almost broke.

Much of the difficulty stems from the contention of Russia and France and a few other, mostly Communist, nations that the General Assembly assessments for the Congo and Middle East operations were illegal because they had not been approved by the Security Council. These nations stuck to this position even though the International Court of Justice in an advisory opinion called the assessments mandatory. The resulting deadlock caused the General Assembly to be almost completely paralyzed in 1964-65. When finally a compromise ended the political crisis, Russia and France agreed to make "voluntary" contributions to end the associated financial crisis. But four years later they have not paid up.

In any case, there is still no agreement—despite six years of talks since the crisis began—on how to finance future peace-keeping operations. If the UN were to take on another expensive operation, it would have to improvise a method of payment, as it has done in Cyprus. For five years the UN has maintained a force on the island, keeping peace between the Greek and Turkish Cypriots. This time, the force was established by the Security Council, but because there is no agreement on peace-keeping financing, the UN has had to rely on contributions. How adequately they support what is, after all, a collective effort is indicated by the UN's Cyprus deficit of about $12 million at mid-December 1968.

This inability to agree on how peace keeping is to be paid for is a crippling handicap, for the membership will not be eager to take on another expensive effort without

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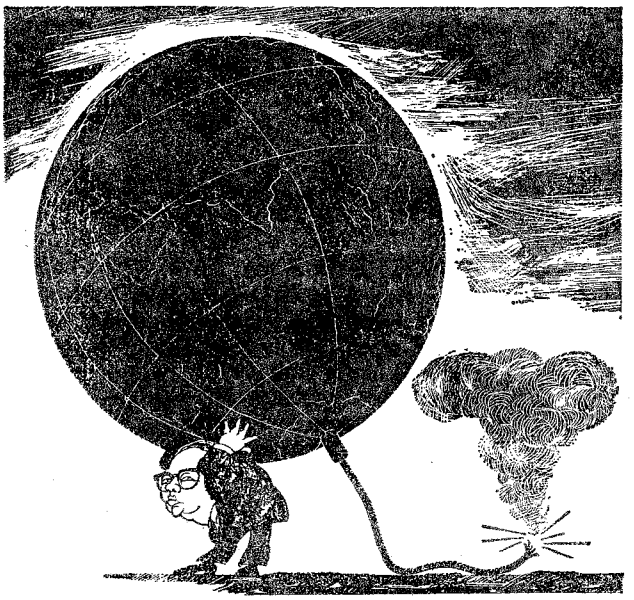
knowing how the bills are to be met. And if circumstances make it imperative that the UN act swiftly, without agreement on financing, the subsequent haggling can only weaken the organization still further.

Money is behind another of the UN's great disappointments. On September 25, 1961, President Kennedy appeared before the General Assembly and proposed that the 1960s be officially designated the United Nations Development Decade. Within three months the General Assembly had adopted the idea unanimously.

The hope was that the rich and poor nations would work together to raise to decent levels the lives of the millions in underdeveloped nations. The goal was for each industrial nation to devote 1 per cent of its national income to foreign aid, but the decade is almost over and the project, launched with such hope, has been an utter failure. There are many reasons: the enormity of the problems, the lack of competent direction in the recipient nations, the scarcity of trained personnel, inflation. But the major reason has been the failure of the rich countries to provide enough money. The United States, richest of all nations and the one that invented foreign aid as we know it, has been the most serious defaulter. It is only thirteenth in percentage of national income devoted to official and private aid. It contributes barely half of the proposed quota, 0.57 per cent, with some of that going for military aid. (For whatever consolation it may offer, Russia's performance is still more niggardly.) It seems almost certain that foreign aid will shrink even more under President Nixon.

We near a time when responsible statesmen, not Cassandras, foresee not only that the gulf between rich nations and poor will grow wider but that there will be widespread famines, famines of Biblical proportion by the end of the century, because the increase in food production, remarkable as it is, cannot keep pace with the exponential growth of the world's population.

Yet while the rich industrial nations grow richer, aggravating the inevitable hatred of the have-nots, their own societies disintegrate. That is why C. P. Snow said at Westminster College last November: "I have been nearer despair this year, 1968, than ever in my life." But this is a commonplace at the UN where the poor nations, by far the most numerous, have been telling the rich for years that they desperately need help. To be sure, the rich make some response, but whether in commodity and tariff agreements or in funds for capital investment in public projects, it is almost always too little and too late. The industrial nations, whatever they may say, are still interested in the poor nations primarily as suppliers of cheap raw materials and as markets for manufactured exports. The United States, obsessed by the doctrine of free enterprise, is forever advising the poor countries to adopt policies that will attract private capital. Many countries do so, but private capital is interested in quick, high profits in the private sector and will seldom invest in schools, roads, hospitals, public transportation systems, the infra-structure so essential to a nation seeking economic viability. So in economics as in politics the poor nations at the UN feel themselves the victims of hypocrisy.



Mahood, The Times (London)

Although the bulk of the UN's major problems are caused by the policies of its member states, a good many have their roots in the institution itself. One would think that the UN might generate an excitement that would attract the young, the imaginative, the innovators. It may have been so in its early years, but today even though it is not completely without such appeal, it certainly does not match Washington in the early days of the New Deal or in the first weeks of the Kennedy administration. There is nothing like the Peace Corps in the UN and if a young idealist wants to change the world, he had better go elsewhere. The UN is a staid, middle-aged organization that wants to do good without rocking any boats. And it is certainly no magnet for the brightest young people being graduated from American universities. They know how difficult it is to get anything original through an international bureaucracy, past the great powers and past a majority of 126 member states whose collective views act as a sieve to winnow out all but the most conventional ideas. Nor do young American idealists fancy being fingerprinted and subjected to a security check by the FBI, which has long had free access to the UN. There are, to be sure, a few swingers around the UN but their influence is social not political.

If that makes the UN sound like any other bureaucracy, the impression is essentially correct. True, it provides a cosmopolitanism seldom found elsewhere; its friendliness and altruism would be most surprising in other governmental bureaucracies; and its physical surroundings are so beautiful as to be seductive. Yet most of the 5,000 or so employees have become increasingly submerged in routine, insulated by growing walls of paper from the world they ostensibly serve.

It's a cliché to bewail the proliferation of paper work in the modern world, but at the UN the bulk is awesome, as impossible to comprehend as the distance to Sirius, the Dog Star. In 1968 the UN print shop produced 525,823,676 pages, the equivalent of 2 million books

(Continued on page 454)

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Reality at White Heat

JEROME ROTHENBERG

Mr. Rothenberg is working on an anthology of Indian poetry, A Summoning of the Tribes, *to be published as the first issue of The Buffalo Translation Series (University of Buffalo, New York State Council of the Arts). He is the author of numerous books of poems, and the editor of* Technicians of the Sacred *(Doubleday-Anchor). He has been doing experimental translating from Navajo and Seneca on a Wenner-Gren Foundation grant.*

The awkwardness of presenting translations from American Indian poetry in the year 1969 is that it has become fashionable today to deny the possibility of crossing the boundaries that separate people of different races and cultures: to insist instead that black is the concern of black, red of red, and white of white. Yet the idea of translation has always been that such boundary crossing is not only possible but desirable. By its very nature, translation asserts or at least implies a concept of psychic and biological unity, weird as such assertion may seem in a time of growing dis-integration. Each poem, being made present and translated, flies in the face of divisive ideology. The question for the translator is not whether but how far we can translate one another. Like the poet who is his brother, he attempts to restore what has been torn apart. Any arrogance on his part would not only lead to paternalism or "colonialism" (LeRoi Jones's term for it from a few years back), it would deny the very order of translation. Only if he allows himself to be directed by the other will a common way emerge, true to both positions.

To submit through translation is to begin to accept the "truths" of an other's language. At the same time it's a way of growing wary of the lies in one's own, a point of vigilance that translators and poets should be particularly keyed to. I learned, for example, that the Senecas with whom I lived call the whites "younger brothers" and themselves "*real* people." To understand the Seneca experience (including where I stand with relation to them) I have to submit to terms like these and to get to a truth about them which includes the Seneca truth. As I do, it becomes clear to me that the very nature of "Indian" and "white" (words basic to the process I'm describing) is itself a question of language and translation.

If the term "younger brother" would later be neutralized or come to suggest contempt, what relationship did it originally express in a culture that didn't practice primogeniture and individual ownership of land—in which forests and clearings (the men were hunters, the women gardeners) were a common ground for brothers as children of one mother and members of one clan? Whether by birth or adoption didn't matter either: descended from a single mother (ultimately the Earth), "older" and "younger" was for them a matter of precedence in time and place, their relative experience of the shared environment. Thus the Senecas as older brothers recognized the rights of both to start with, but the whites (children also of the "old-world" patriarchy) came to the land prepared for dispossession and fratricide. In the overthrow of the older —refusing adoption to the real-personhood of the Indian way, while asserting their own great-white-fatherhood—they triggered a disruption of the natural (ecological) order that's now making all of us its victims.

A "real" person in these terms is one who hasn't forgotten what and where things are in relation to the Earth. Earth-rooted, he is royal too, not by precedence of birth, but insofar as he has and shares a knowledge of the realm. He has only to maintain a true eye for his surroundings and a contact with the Earth, to recognize himself as the inheritor of reality, of a more real way of life. At any rate that seems to be the claim implicit in the language and confirmed by the events that have followed its denial.

The issue, writes David Antin, is reality. The *real* person (reality-person, in fact) lives, like the "primitive" philosopher described by Radin, "in a blaze of reality" through which he can experience "reality at white heat." This is a part of the tribal inheritance (not Indian only but world-wide) that we all lose at our peril—younger and older alike. Remember too how many elements are active in that situation, where we would concentrate on the words as being particularly the "poem" (many Indian poems in fact dispense entirely with words): elements, I mean, like music, nonverbal phonetic sounds, dance, gesture and event, game, dream, etc., along with all those unstated ideas and images the participants pick up from the poem's context. Each moment is charged: each is a point at which meaning is coming to surface, where nothing's incidental but everything matters terribly.

Now, put all of that together and you have the makings of a high poetry and art, which only a colonialist ideology could have blinded us into labeling "primitive" or "savage." You have also the great hidden accomplishment of our older brothers in America, made clear in the poetry and yet of concern not only to poets but to all (red, white and black) who want to carry the possibilities of reality and personhood into any new worlds to come. The yearning to rediscover the Red Man is part of this. It acknowledges not only the cruelty of what's happened in this place (a negative matter of genocide and guilt) but leads as well to the realization that "we" in a larger sense will never be whole without a recovery of the "red power" that's been here from the beginning. The true integration must begin and end with a recognition of all such powers. That means a process of translation and of mutual completion. Not a brotherhood of lies this time but an affiliation based on what the older had known from the start: that we're doomed without his tribal and matrilocal wisdom, which can be shared only among equals who have recognized a common lineage from the Earth.

PRELUDE: What the Informant said to Franz Boas in 1920
(Kwakiutl. Translated by Armand Schwerner.)

long ago her mother
had to sing this song and so
she had to grind along with it
the corn people have a song too
it is very good
I refuse to tell it

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WHERE THE SONG WENT WHERE SHE WENT & WHAT HAPPENED WHEN THEY MET

(Seneca. Translated by Jerome Rothenberg and Richard Johnny John.)

the song went to the garden (heh heh heh)
the song poked all around the garden (heh heh heh)
she went to the garden (heh heh heh)
she went to the garden (heh heh heh)
she went like crazy in the garden (heh heh heh)
that's where she went (hah hah hah)

MOON ECLIPSE EXORCISM

(Alsea. Translated by Armand Schwerner.)

come out come out come out
the moon has been killed

who kills the moon? crow
who often kills the moon? eagle
who usually kills the moon? chicken hawk
who also kills the moon? owl
in their numbers they assemble
for moonkilling

come out, throw sticks at your houses
come out, turn your buckets over
spill out all the water don't let it turn
bloody yellow
from the wounding and death
of the moon

o what will become of the world, the moon
never dies wihout cause
only when a rich man is about to be killed
is the moon murdered

look all around the world, dance, throw your sticks, help out,
look at the moon,
dark as it is now, even if it disappears
it will come back, think of nothing
I'm going back into the house
and the others went back

POEM TO EASE BIRTH

(Aztec. Translated by Anselm Hollo.)

in the house with the tortoise chair
she will give birth to the pearl
to the beautiful feather

in the house of the goddess who sits on a tortoise
she will give birth to the necklace of pearls
to the beautiful feathers we are

there she sits on the tortoise
swelling to give us birth

on your way on your way
child be on your way to me here
you whom I made new

come here child come be pearl
be beautiful feather

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HOW THE VIOLIN WAS BORN: A Peyote Account
(Huichol. Translated by Jerome Rothenberg.)

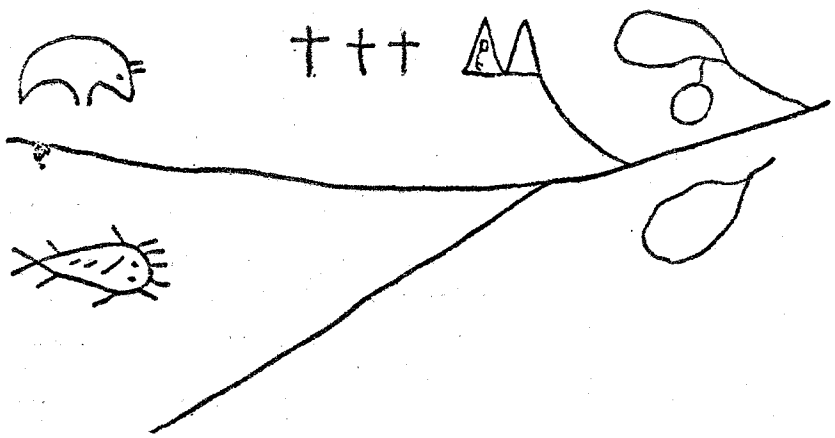
CEDAR CEDAR was born.
Born among stones & rocks.
BIG STAG made him.
BIG BRAIN worked him.
But CEDAR CEDAR didn't have a soul.
Heavy was his heart. His heart was silent.

Then Tahomatz the BIG BRAIN
sent Aimari the BIRD pure & fuckless
Aimari came singing: entered the tree
& became its pith.
And the tree's heart filled with music.
& CEDAR CEDAR sang. Quivered to caresses from the Wind.

DREAM EVENT
(Iroquois)

After having a dream, let someone else guess what it was. Then have everyone act it out together.

OJIBWA LOVE POEM



THE LITTLE RANDOM CREATURES
(Fox. Translated by Armand Schwerner.)

found a hole with a light in it, and saying
Whose?
set a trap
with a bowcord for a noose.
A giant of light, something alive, dazzled the path
on its slow way up, blinding
the little random creatures
o something alive was dying in the bowcord and it said
Allow me to choke to death
And you'll have night forever
and they let the Sun go

POSTLUDE: Song of Cajamarca
(Quechua. Translated by W. S. Merwin.)

When the Inca made war to teach his law
He bore with him gifts and love
And nobody died but the madmen.
You say that your god is good
And you kill us.
You say that he is pious
And you conduct yourselves with us like thieves.

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Extravagant Passions

THE LIVES OF CHILDREN: The Story of the First Street School. *By George Dennison. Random House. 308 pp. $6.95.*

NED O'GORMAN
Mr. O'Gorman is a poet, and the author, most recently, of Prophetic Voices: Ideas and Words on Revolution *(Random House).*

George Dennison is a teacher. He is a wise, generous, suffering man who for two years watched the lives of some children with valiant hope, reckless faith in their humanity, and wonder. (No teacher is worth a damn if he does not stand in awe of children's extravagant passion for life.) He let his students wander over the wild lands of their agony and joy and kept an eye always on their humanity, tempering his presence among them as if he were treading on holy ground. He now lives somewhere in Maine on a farm, for the First Street School is closed. Its small funds had run out and Dennison could no longer sustain the work and energy required to keep the school going. But I think that the men in New York who run the "schools" have everything to learn from him: how to teach, how to love, how to honor children, how to save the "schools" from their mortal, final sickness. (I put "school" in quotation marks to make it clear that when I write the word I mean the majority of public educational institutions in New York City, where children are herded to serve out their days in servitude to the system and the politicians.)

This book is a hard one to read. When I finished it I had felt the terror of public "school" education in the wounded children who had left their "schools" to come to the First Street School; but I heard too the noise of children as they inched toward freedom. Dennison had not merely to teach them anew; he had to prepare them to learn. To do that he had to let them think it possible to love themselves. The "schools" break a child down for they deny him time to luxuriate in a sense of being. The saddest children I know are children who despise themselves. If a child who would know everything—and all children are certain they can—discovers that he is forbidden to rejoice in that wild expectation he soon grows inward and sulks his life away.

George Dennison led his children on a journey to knowledge and it is the purgatory of that journey which he records here. The First Street School was a noisy place. But it was not filled with the noise of imposed order, that cry for air and light which one hears in all the "schools." On First Street the noise was *healthy*, coming from both teachers and students as they catapulted through the day looking for freedom and life. The children on First Street were the children of this city of the dispossessed who had learned to be wary of everything that smelled of order and teacher. Dennison made the First Street School true to life, and let the children seek for learning as if they were chasing a fire engine. (I would have perished the first day.) He was giving them a *world* where learning *might* be possible; that never had been possible in the "schools." He was offering them not merely freedom but the discovery of freedom.

Those twenty-three children, from 5 to 13, are described in an avalanche of detail, especially the older ones. They become heroes in Dennison's narrative, each one individual, but all caught up in a fantastic battle of wills and desire. I forget who was who but I do not forget how they struggled. I remember the wounds they shared: a simultaneous fear of and yearning for everything—knowledge, love, friendship and community, the world.

The First Street School tried to be a place where children might find a style of conduct and growth that could free them to learn, to live and to thrive. There is a Grecian tension in their tragic play and rage. Before anything else, George Dennison had to figure out how to cope with that rage. I teach, or rather spend my days with very small children from 9 months to 5 years old, and know that even in babies that passion most treasured by the angels as a hiding place for wisdom and vision is a child's rage for the world. Children of 13 are a greater problem than 4-year-olds. They are craftier and in the public "school" system they have learned to distrust, even hate, the process of knowledge. But there is always hope that the massing forces of the "schools" and the adult world nastiness are still muted enough at age 2 and 3 to give a young mind time to rejoice in the world given him new each day.

Dennison's children were already victims. In his school they came like visionaries to search for visions. They fought, played and lunged at knowledge. But before they would read, they would know themselves first. The children of the cities of the dispossessed (all our children?) must come alive to the world. They must not go gentle into the dark night of the "systems"; they must learn to rage against the rules and grow strong within so that no one—not even a board of education—can molest them. It is the world a child knows first and would know when school is over. The books he reads, the problems he solves, the questions he asks and answers are cosmic ones, all connected in the mystery of the self. The children of the First Street School had never before been given a cosmos to receive them and their spirits. The First Street School was that cosmos.

George Dennison tells us that Dewey, Tolstoy and Rousseau are the genial spirits of his pedagogy. He owes most to Dewey:

> Dewey based much of his thought upon considerations of the fundamental human nature visible in the young. One of the remarkable facts of life (it is perhaps the only thing that saves us from ourselves) is that this indwelling nature, prior to its exposure to school and to the crushing effects of public life, reaches, in the vast majority of cases, a quite adequate development in the life of the home—reaches it in the most ordinary, routine, taken-for-granted way. Dewey referred to this routine development of the child as the starting point of education. Growth and development are a shaping of powers that already exist. . . . In short, we cannot speak of teaching and learning at all unless we speak of ways and means of sustaining the powers that are visible in the child when he first comes to class.

I would speak of the "interior life" of a child, of that holy, sacramental, vivid mystery that children know themselves by. George Dennison comes as close as anyone I have read to defining that mystery. He neither overdefines nor molests it with his biases. He reveals it, though he can do very little to make his charges love that mystery.

I wonder, of course, what I would have done with that magnificent bunch of children. I admit to being helpless with anyone over 5. But I think perhaps I would have been more the schoolmaster. I would have been less lenient with them when they cursed, fought and just plain disobeyed: but then it is wrong to say that Dennison was ever lenient. He let them move in the rhythms of their own sense of justice and pleasure and did not impose his sense of justice or pleasure upon them. I would have done so, I think, and I would have been, perhaps, just like "everybody else." I would have demanded that they sit still longer; I would have insisted on certain hours each day when they simply *had* to come to class, sit, listen and be held responsible for being a student! (All would have ended in disaster.)

I found myself questioning one thing in Dennison's method and that is his

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refusal to bring to the school *his* "sense of order," a sense of order based on *his* knowledge of life—an order contrary and even alien to the children's. Had he brought to First Street *his* vision with more *practical* force—i.e., ordering the day, setting up hours for required study, insistence on silence, etc.—then things would not have been so much a rout. And yet that rout was perhaps the only sense of life those children ever had.

In the rout Dennison discovered that a philosophy of freedom must be found to liberate the wounded children in the "schools" from the fate the "schools" and state have decreed for them. That philosophy, he tells us, is within the child. It can be loosed and made operative under the gentle rains and light of justice, patience, love, and in the ardent conviction in every teacher and in every board of education that of all the gifts that the gods bestow, the gift of childhood is the most blessed.

> My purpose is not to castigate the bureaucrats; but to recall parents and teachers to an awareness of one crucial truth, a truth that should be, but is not the gut-wisdom of everyone: that in humane affairs—and education is par excellence, a humane pursuit—there is no such thing as competence without love.

The Lives of Children records a failure. It did not survive, it did not succeed. Nothing else that we are left with seems to be succeeding either. The assassins are still in power in the "schools." We can merely try to save the lives of some children. Most are already lost. Read George Dennison to catch the saving rhythms of childhood, to find out something about a child's mind and about its flourishing. Dennison has written a tragic, saving book.

Thank You, Mr. Director

ON COMMUNISM. *By J. Edgar Hoover. Random House. 158 pp. $4.95.*

FALSE WITNESS. *By Melvin Rader. University of Washington Press. 209 pp. $6.95.*

FRANK J. DONNER

Mr. Donner is a New York attorney who specializes in constitutional law and civil liberties cases. He is the author of The Un-Americans *(Ballantine).*

Title VI of last year's crime bill—a triumph for the law-and-order forces—provides that the successor to the present director of the FBI must be approved by the Senate. Its enactment into law was no power grab but an expression of a pervasive *Angst* in the traditional America for whom J. Edgar Hoover is the most important single culture hero—*Angst* about the fate of America without Hoover in high office. This concern, which is perceptibly mounting as Hoover's long overdue retirement approaches, closely resembles the terror of primitive peoples over the possible loss of a god. For his followers, Hoover's passage from the scene is the nation's punishment for its sinful neglect of his teachings and taboos.

In his forty-five-year leadership of the FBI, Hoover has contributed heavily to the creation of a system of cultural myths which importantly influence American life and politics: the chauvinist myth of "Americanism" as a divinely ordained political ideology and way of life, the concept of domestic "national security" as an interest which must always prevail over the right to dissent, the conviction that the nation is under permanent threat of internal subversion by sinister, godless Communists who will stop at nothing to gain their ends.

In recent years Hoover has projected his political outlook onto social issues—child-rearing, education, pornography, church attendance, etc. Hoover is an important sponsor of the cultural backlash now gathering momentum in the country. His pronouncements give his followers proof from a sacerdotal source that social change is really a concealed form of political subversion, a return to the Russian "nationalization of women" theme of the twenties.

Central to Hoover's role is his cultivation and exploitation of our anti-Communist mania. Whatever the means by which our history and culture have infected us (political paranoia, a sense of a unique mission, elitist manipulation, a Biblically inspired vision of an inevitable apocalyptic struggle with the forces of evil), we are sick with anti-communism. And Hoover has helped make us and keep us sick. This book, conceived as a sort of *vade mecum* to be treasured and consulted when the director bows out, is in its first part ("Communism Today") and in its second (quotations arranged by topic from the author's earlier writings and speeches), the same dull, illiterate, sloganizing, repetitious mixture as before.

But it does raise questions. Hoover's collected works now consist of four books on communism. Only this subject has the power to awaken the director's muse; other problems within the area of his official responsibility—for example, the rise in the crime rate, the role of violence (except political violence) in modern crime, the professionalization of crime—somehow fail to stir him. Why are Communists so much more appealing subjects than Mafiosi? The fact is that Hoover not only finds his political role far more congenial than his responsibilities as a crime fighter but uses his prestige as the nation's anti-subversive pooh bah to immunize himself from criticism for his failures as head of the nation's criminal investigation bureau.

Hoover's anti-Communist tracts—for that is what they are—have sold extremely well. Though barbarously written, emotional and propagandistic, each has been hailed with reverence not only by his uncritical worshipers but by reviewers who should know better.

The worshipful reception accorded *all* of Hoover's pronouncements, however fugitive, is partly the result of the public relations promotion of Hoover's image as the noblest Roman—patriotic, self-abnegating, incorruptible, super-vigilant and ordinary. While a handful—but only a handful—of other government officials also serve as champions or symbols of national values, none combines Hoover's varied roles: defender of the nation's security, wide-ranging social prophet, elder statesman. And the fact that Hoover's formal and official bureaucratic responsibilities are, though important, relatively limited, gives his views a special dimension of disinterestedness—the old warrior, forced by patriotism to speak out and warn against threats to his beloved country's welfare.

Hoover's personal following spans the American hinterland whose prejudices and resentments he echoes. But his authority on the subject of communism extends beyond this core audience. Scholars and newsmen may boast book learning or general information about this subject, but Hoover is widely respected because he is considered an expert (and holds himself out as such).

What makes Hoover an expert is the fact that he has clothed the FBI with extraordinary domestic intelligence functions. He has acquired this jurisdiction without authorization either by statute or Executive order. Hoover has assumed the power, to use his language, "to identify individuals working against the United States, determine their objectives and nullify their effectiveness." These functions—surveillance, electronic eavesdropping, infiltration, dossier keeping—are not a means to the end of law enforcement but political ends in themselves. Usurped power is exercised by Hoover wholly autonomously without

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responsibility to or supervision by anyone on a governmental policy-making level, elected or appointed. In no major country in the West is domestic intelligence (Hoover likes to call it "counter-intelligence") conducted on a comparable scale and with such freedom from political accountability. Nor for that matter can one find in any democratic country in the world an agency which combines conventional police functions and political investigative responsibilities unrelated to law enforcement.

Hoover's unchecked control over the mechanisms of political intelligence has led to the institutional transformation of the FBI into an autonomous and self-perpetuating political police force which makes a mockery of our democratic professions. But Hoover's self-created role as an authoritative interpreter of the political intelligence gathered by the agency is even more disturbing. This purely political function authenticates his role among the anti-Communist true believers as a guardian of the nation's security and gilds him with an almost magical prestige. It also explains the expansion of his influence as an expert on communism. His intellectual limitations and political bias count for little in the face of his claims to inside information —gathered at enormous expense by an army of agents, infiltrators, plants, defectors and informers.

In his own fashion, Hoover is devoted to the Socratic principle that the unexamined life is not worth living; and it is precisely his undercover invasion of the rights of a large number of us that has made him a political mentor of the rest. The connection between intelligence and political reaction has, of course, deep historical roots; but Hoover has given it a uniquely American expression. Today, the process by which he has ideologized his functions is becoming a model for a mushrooming urban intelligence network ("Red squads").

Hoover has developed a time-tested process for converting the fruits of his intelligence activities into the instruments of ideological warfare. Basic to the entire process is a formula by which he alternately agitates his audience about newly discovered dangers to the national security and then calms them with assurances that, temporarily anyway, he has the situation in hand—but unremitting vigilance remains a necessity. He uses three official forms of communication to a national audience: his testimony before the House Appropriations subcommittee (usually given in the winter but timed for release much later when it will deliver a maximum impact), the FBI annual report for the fiscal year, and the year-end report to the Department of Justice.

Of these the Appropriations subcommittee testimony is by far the most important because it is Hoover's direct contact with an important power center and the official means of communication with his devoted Congressional constituency. Hoover's testimony before the subcommittee is prepared and presented as a piece of theatre with ritualistic concern for effect. Questions are planted in advance to produce answers to meet the political needs of committee members—like the response this year to a question by a racist Congressman that HEW aide James Farmer was hired without a security clearance. Juicy tidbits of inside information are periodically thrown out to the slavering committee members and intermittently the whole performance goes "off the record" as the Congressmen are initiated by their revered hierophant into the sacred mystery of anti-subversion. When the show ends, the "Director," as he is invariably called, is fulsomely thanked. Not only is the testimony released by the committee but Hoover reproduces it—in blown-up format—for mass distribution. (Hoover tries to preserve the House subcommittee as his sole Congressional forum. This year he refused to testify before Congressman Pepper's Select Committee on Crime.)

These official pronouncements are supplemented by editorials and messages in the FBI house organ (*FBI Law Enforcement Bulletin*), speeches, articles in conservative journals, pamphlets—and books. All of Hoover's more transient pronouncements (as well as the anti-subversive sections of his reports, approving articles and book reviews by others) are introduced into the *Congressional Record*—frequently the same item four or five times—by his House admirers who also make timely speeches in his praise on his birthday and on dates marking the anniversary of his assumption of office.

The need to investigate the political activities of the Bureau, to evaluate its performance as a law-enforcement agency, and to prevent a continuation of the abuses of Hooverism obviously commands a high political priority. The real question is whether the director has so poisoned our political environment that such a re-examination is beyond political possibility.

The effects of the phobic anti-communism to which Hoover has dedicated his professional life are elaborated in a moving book by Melvin Rader. Rader, a professor of philosophy at the University of Washington, was identified as a Communist in an anti-subversive investigation in 1948, conducted by the Canwell Committee, Washington's Un-American Activities Committee. Rader undertook to establish that his accuser, George Hewitt, a professional informer of extraordinary ductility, was a liar. By time-consuming, expensive detective work, Rader proved irrefutably that the charges were false. A perjury prosecution against Hewitt initiated by the Washington authorities was frustrated by the illegal refusal of the New York courts to order Hewitt's extradition—primarily on the ground that the ferocious Reds in the state of Washington might do Hewitt physical harm. Hewitt died in 1950 of a nervous disorder which had already manifested itself in the 1948 hearings.

What is extraordinary about the Rader-Hewitt affair was the role of the Immigration Service for which Hewitt had served as an informer in a score of deportation cases. Deputy Director Boyd not only tried to pressure the local prosecutor to drop the perjury case against Hewitt but made available two other perjurious informers to testify at the extradition hearings in support of Hewitt's claim that he had met Professor Rader at a Communist farm in 1938.

A clutch of ex-FBI informers also appeared at the tenure hearings conducted by the university in the wake of the

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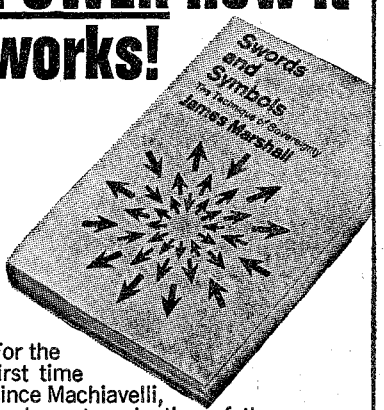

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Canwell probe. These proceedings led to the summary discharge of three professors in January 1949, and the disciplining of three others in gross violation of academic freedom.

Professor Rader himself was exonerated by the university in the fall of 1949. A few months later it was revealed that Canwell's investigators had seized and suppressed pages of a hotel register which independently established the falsity of Hewitt's charge against Rader.

Some fifteen years after the Canwell committee affair the author was again involved in a clash with Canwell who, after repeated political defeats, had established a rightist bookshop and exposé operation ("American Intelligence Service") in eastern Washington. When John Goldmark, a Washington legislator, lost his seat in 1964 as a result of redbaiting, he and his wife sued Canwell and three others for libel. In the course of the trial, Professor Rader's politics again became an issue as another professional informer, Barbara Hartle, claimed that he had been a party member. The testimony of this witness was discredited by cross-examination which established that in the course of Congressional testimony she had named some 500 alleged party members—but not Rader. Ed Guthman, then press relations director of the Department of Justice and now national news editor of the *Los Angeles Times*, who had won a Pulitzer Prize in 1949 for his reporting on the Rader-Hewitt case, testified that Mrs. Hartle had informed him in 1954 that Rader, although solicited, had never joined the party.

The libel suit vindicated the Goldmarks and Rader—although the $40,000 libel verdict was set aside because of the impact of the Supreme Court decision in the *New York Times* case. The author triumphed over his ordeals because he was able and willing to fight back: he was supported by the powerful tradition of Northwestern liberalism and his own strong faith in the democratic process. What motivated him to take on Canwell and Hewitt was the realization that discrediting the committee and its star witness would be more than a means of personal vindication—it would be an opportunity to end a witch hunt.

One can only admire this resolute and tenacious professor of philosophy. Though his story has been told before (by Vern Countryman, I. F. Stone, Carey McWilliams, and in the pages of *The Nation*, November 12, 1949), Rader recounts it in a distinctive and powerful fashion which combines a low-keyed serenity about himself with an intellectual passion about the issues. A few more Raders around could reverse the tide of Hooverism.

No Loitering!

STREETS FOR PEOPLE: A Primer for Americans. *By Bernard Rudofsky. Doubleday & Co. 351 pp. $14.95.*

SHERMAN PAUL
Mr. Paul teaches English at the University of Iowa. His latest book is The Music of Survival: A Biography of a Poem by William Carlos Williams *(U. of Illinois Press).*

Mr. Rudofsky is an excellent photographer and book designer; his book is an art book, large, sleek, well illustrated. It may be used to good purposes as a picture book, for it will, as he modestly hopes, whet our appetites for "the world of foreign streets"—for the porticoes of Bologna, the Galleria of Milan, the ramparts (promenade) of Lucca, the suq at Marrakesh, the mazes of the white towns of Apulia—and may send us in search of fountains, stairs, street markets, street drama and spectacle. In search of: for these primary amenities (hence primer) are not, and never have been, ours. We need, as Mr. Rudofsky cites *The New Yorker* lamenting, "something to lift and brighten our fancy, and if we cannot have bridges and vistas and colonnades and canals and window boxes filled with flowers and a humane and smiling architecture, we should have a little street music. . . ."

Though no one would deny the substantial truth of this, the argument is as old as the condescension that accompanies it. One remembers Henry James's long list of things of high civilization absent in American life but also his awareness that "the American knows that a good deal remains; what it is that remains—that is his secret, his joke." Mr. Rudofsky is not in on the joke and doesn't really wish to be. He prefers, like a romantic in search of the picturesque, to take his camera to Europe, to write charming sketches of such colorful things as the Italian story-singer (already disappearing from the streets) and to rummage, not delve, in the social history of the distant past.

The only American city he considers is New York, which is not the only city in the United States; and then it is not present-day New York City that interests him so much as New Amsterdam, where pigs used to scavenge in the streets. His book cannot be placed seriously in the category of social history—it is too thin, too impressionistic, a book of savory gleanings, each chapter heavily illustrated and perfectly suited to the women's clubs, to the very passionate pilgrims he despises. Everything about the book —its design, price, style and tone—belongs to familiar low-grade (but expensive) popularization, and perhaps most of all its subject, which is not pursued with the intent to remedy by implementation a dire civic situation, but rather to gratify us with the sick pleasures of nostalgia and cultural masochism.

A book that begins, "This book is about the great outdoors . . ." and asserts that Americans don't "give a hoot for streets" is immediately suspect. This is not the language of serious discourse or of discourse to be taken seriously. Style of this order is a public nuisance as lamentable as our streets, and writers who adopt it are likely to clutter their books with spurious notions (Americans like ugliness, Rudofsky believes, because they feel beauty undermines their toughness) and downright nonsense ("It is a melancholy comment on what we perversely call American civilization that in order to recapture the taste of human dignity, if only for a few precious days, one has to cross an ocean"). Rudofsky knows very little about American civilization past or present. He thinks that, because pigs once ran in the streets, we are eternally damned and can never attain a requisite sense of amenity; we are, he feels, all of us, from the beginning to the end, greedy and without civic sense. The fault of our streets lies in our national character, which is irreparable. But if this is so, why advertise one's book as a primer? Why omit such important basic studies as that on piazzas by Camillo Sitte? Isn't it rather a travel book?

I think so. Rudofsky should have been advised to concentrate on Italy, the great good place with which he always contrasts America, and to put aside the attempt at comparative study. As a book on Italy his work has merit; that he yokes what he loves to what he hates is unfortunate. Or Rudofsky should have been advised to "study out the land," as Whitman said, to see if our streets have been as empty of people as he thinks and, if so, to find out where they have gone. Is there nothing in the design and life of college campuses (not unlike small Italian cities), in people's parks, in other forms of living and associating alfresco (picnics, camping, rock festivals, etc.) to give him hope? Why, even here in Iowa City one can still walk. The 9 blocks I walk to work, some shaded by trees (the elms were once our por-

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tico), include a small park where people of all ages eat, converse, contemplate, study and play (chautauqua was once held here, now there are rallies), a small creek which a few people with civic feeling tried to clean, a downtown business district made lively and interesting more than anything else by the variety of people, and the campus animated by people day and night. And this week, at *Oktoberfest* in nearby Amana, the people will certainly be in the streets.

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

William Ball, ambitious, energetic, talented (I praised his production of Chekhov's *Ivanov* when he was still unknown) has also shown courage, determination and wisdom by organizing permanent companies in cities outside New York.

After the trials inevitably attendant on such efforts, he has finally established his American Conservatory Theatre in San Francisco where it has attracted wide attention, including admiring notices from several New York reviewers.

The A.C.T. presented some twenty productions last year in two San Francisco playhouses. It has now brought three of these productions to New York on a repertory plan for four weeks at the ANTA Theatre. The initial production, first given some years ago in Pittsburgh, is of Edward Albee's *Tiny Alice*. The least one can say for it is that it is easier to take than the stodgy New York production of 1965.

Stuart Wurtzel's settings are efficient and proper departures from realism. Stage business is constant, every turn of thought is given marked physical embodiment, sometimes cutely playful, always clear, frequently picturesque in a grand old (19th-century) fashion. The acting is muscular, with a kind of eager commitment which is sympathetic even when it is immature. One can detect the actors' training: the readings are unmistakably pointed, movement is executed with bold precision. The audience is not permitted to overlook a thing.

For a while one is held by the well-disciplined staginess of the production. Finally it all becomes insufferably tiresome, for two reasons: because the numerous theatric devices employed are basically shallow, and because of the text to which they are applied.

Tiny Alice is Albee's most pretentious and weakest play. Whatever it means—and the most freakish interpretations abound—its writing, symbols and events do not sustain the meanings ascribed. When Albee protested that all the various explanations (including mine) were mistaken, he set forth his own.

The play, he said, deals with "the relationship between sexual hysteria and religious ecstasy; the conflict between the selflessness of service and the conspicuous splendor of martyrdom. The lay brother [the play's central character] is brought to the point, finally, of having to accept what he had insisted he wanted—union with the abstraction—rather than the man-made image of it, its substitution. He is left with pure abstraction—whatever it be called: God or Alice—and, in the end, according to your faith, one of two things happens: either the abstraction personifies itself, is proved real; or the dying man, in the last necessary effort of self-delusion, creates and believes what he knows does not exist.

"It is, you see," Albee concludes, "a perfectly straightforward story, dealt with in terms of reality and illusion, symbol and actuality." I, for one, do not see. Those who think they do are fooling themselves: the play's actual proceedings fail to jibe with anyone's interpretation.

Gower Champion, a whiz at musical comedy direction, has staged Feydeau's (1907) *A Flea in Her Ear* for the second offering in the A.C.T. program. It may please—in fact, delight—some; it oppressed me.

Feydeau was the master mathematician of farce. His plays are perfect mechanisms based on a strict formula. Himself part of the happily corrupt middle class of France's Third Repubic, Feydeau wrote plays which are an oblique mockery of it. Their technique, as Feydeau himself described it, consisted in placing ordinary people in extraordinary circumstances. The more commonplace the characters, the funnier the situation. Max Beerbohm's aphorism, "The more sombre the background, the sprightlier skips the jest," is applicable to Feydeau.

In the Champion-A.C.T. production all the actors' faces are daubed with white chalk, giving them grotesque masks. Wurtzel's sets and costumes are black and white decorations. The acting is thoroughly camp with added touches of Keystone cavortings. The effect is as chichi as a fraternity romp.

It is not necessarily a fault that the Feydeau ambience has been annihilated, but the one substituted renders the play infantile. Except at a few moments, the actors' exertions put such a strain on the show as to make it heavy and unfunny. It is all like an elaborate libretto for a *Promenade* sort of musical—without the music.

Michael O'Sullivan's cracked limb and vocal oddity as the cleft-palate secretary provide a few shocked laughs, and Robert Gerringer in that part of his dual role in which he impersonates a half-wit hotel porter is also peculiarly comic.

John Osborne's purpose in *A Patriot For Me* (Imperial Theatre) is to expose the decadence and hypocrisy of established empires. When the play was written (1965) it was too soon to dramatize the Profumo case which scandalized Britain (and tickled the French), so Osborne resorted to a factual example from the annals of the Austrian Empire under Franz Josef. In the original London production, if I remember correctly, there was a passing allusion to the Dreyfus case, inserted to widen the play's frame of reference.

The story concerns a brilliant young officer who happens to be a homosexual (at first resistant to his impulse and then wholly given over to it). Through extravagant gifts to his numerous bedfellows he falls heavily into debt and is then blackmailed by the Russians into becoming their spy. He is found out and forced to commit suicide. (In the earlier version of the play it was not his homosexuality that was publicized as the reason for his military crime but the fact that, being partly Jewish, he had lied about his antecedents.) The point of all this is that the Empire's glorious army was tainted by homosexuals—the army's

PHOTO: DWIGHT W. WEBB

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attorney general is also one—not to speak of its anti-Semitism and other publicly unacknowledged sores.

The thesis—in relation to the corruption of state establishments—may be acceptable, but the body of the play is wholly devoted to the sexual career of one particular, and not very extraordinary, officer. The most memorable scene is that of the ball, given by a Baron, at which a host of army men indulge themselves in transvestite gaiety. With regard to the psychology of inversion, the play offers nothing new or even sensational. Its dramaturgy has a rather old-fashioned complexion, reminiscent of romantic melodramas or musicals about the glamorous or the nefarious intrigues of royal families. *The Student Prince* is the saccharine model.

What characterizes Osborne's treatment of this stage style are its tiny pockets of venom (for instance, a wholly arbitrary and hateful speech about the Spanish obsession with death) and the smooth dialogue. Osborne's plays are all well written, but good writing, though a credit, does not make a good play. *A Patriot For Me* is not the better Osborne.

The present production under Peter Glenville's direction is more elaborate than the London one and for the most part I thought it superior. The casting is on the whole more careful in the choice of types: Robert Jordan as a young officer killed in a duel, John Horn as an insidious waiter, Staats Cotsworth as an obtuse colonel, Salome Jens as an attractive and resonant spy-seductress, Mariclare Costello as a charmingly pitiful whore, are all noteworthy. Maximilian Schell as the afflicted protagonist—he played the part in London—acts with intelligent proficiency, but does not succeed in making the role either significant or stirring.

The great disappointment to me was the drag ball. It misses the aristocratic authority of the late George Devine, who in London invested the part of the Baron with a dimension of command that lifted the scene to something more than a parade of queens. Dennis King plays the role as he has played others in the "highborn" category, except that here he wears a dress.

FILMS / Robert Hatch

Richard Attenborough's *Oh! What a Lovely War,* proliferated from Joan Littlewood's *revue macabre,* demonstrates that not only World War I, but traditional pacifism itself, is quaint nostalgia. The picture tries by every device it can muster—irony, shock, pathos, anger, horror and love—to convey the message that war is no game, that it will not make a man of you, that the enemy (supposing he exists) is never in the opposing lines, that it is not fine to die for the fatherland. But people in significant numbers have not believed that cant in fifty years.

We go on fighting wars, of course, but not in the illusion that they are paid vacations to exotic lands; and I became a little weary of Mr. Attenborough's insistence that I admit the self-evident. In fact, by the time Vanessa Redgrave got her scene on a soapbox (a great many very famous actors—Gielgud, Richardson, Redgrave, Mills, Bogarde, Hawkins and others—get their scenes in this masque), I wished she would leave the fishwives to their illusions.

Those who arrange wars have never been misinformed as to the nature of war, but they find solace in strategy and statistics. Thus I found most telling in *Oh! What a Lovely War* John Mills's performance as Field Marshal Haig. That stubborn man of shallow imagination had got it into his head that, since the British Empire could field more troops than the German Empire, a war of attrition would necessarily end with at least a few Tommies still living when the last Fritz had died. The results of this calculation are displayed in the picture on a numerical wall totalizer of the sort used in national elections, and I imagined Herman Kahn, just off camera, nodding his head in agreement with the logic. (The figures were small, compared with his projected mega-slaughters.)

So much for message and moral. As film making, the picture seems to me excessively engineered. The basic set is Brighton; more specifically, one of its confectionery reception halls, the sea front and an amusement pier, renamed "World War I" for the occasion. The idea is that the public hears the siren voice of the barker, takes a ticket for the pier, runs happily to the games of skill or chance, the thrill rides and the gaudy shows—and they all turn real. At the end of the pier is Flanders and the counter of a shooting gallery is the parapet of a trench. As a visual metaphor, this is not bad; but the nature of such devices is that the better they are the less well they bear repetition. Very quickly they become predictable, and their machinery is so obtrusive that they reduce content to formula. It is exceedingly hard to act in the presence of a really persuasive gimmick.

I feel sure that Attenborough must have had it in mind to create a ghastly effect by contrasting, rapidly and repeatedly, the candy-apple frivolity of the seaside with the blood-rotted mud of the Western front. But just because he keeps the two elements in such even balance, the impact of the battle scenes is compromised by the charade of Brighton. It is intended that one be moved, and indeed there are fleeting moments of emotion (or at least of sentiment), but for the most part I was conscious that energetic actors were quickly changing their costumes and trotting to the alternate set.

It was fun to hear the old songs again (the musical scores of our wars have certainly been deteriorating recently) and a fair treat to see almost every British actor with a title to his name promenading about and whispering malice in a splendid red uniform. But easy tears from elaborate machinery left me a little ashamed.

Wars past, wars future—the English seem preoccupied with apocalypse. *The Bed Sitting Room* (Richard Lester directing) concerns itself with events after an atomic war of infinitesimal duration and utter destruction. What was London looks like a couple of square miles of the Sahara, annealed in a blast furnace: nothing but hills, petrified rivers, caves, and plains of vitrified slag in loathsome sweet colors. It is a beastly set and quite the best part of the film.

The title, to get that over with, refers to the type of post-nuclear mutation that is in process. Ralph Richardson (on hand once more) plays what might be called the title role, since his Lord Fortnum is turning into that sort of dwelling; turning into it with much lamentation that he should be transmuted into a structure of such mean aspirations. A motherly woman becomes a clothespress and cries disconsolately that she is being raped when a man tries to take cover in her interior.

If this sounds rather coy, that is the overall effect. I got the impression that the one thing British that will prove resistant to radiation is the understated giggle. Lester's trouble is not that he is ridden by a gimmick but that he has been given an extreme situation (by the writers Spike Milligan and John Antrobus) without sufficient detail to animate it. Consequently he dithers and—that being his weakness (see *How I Won the War*)—turns cute. There are some promising beginnings: the underground mysteriously still runs on the Inner Circle and people have taken to living in the trains; a B.B.C. news announcer goes about with the frame of

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a TV set and through it announces zany occurrences to solitary survivors; a girl is pregnant for months beyond term; a doctor prescribes a nourishing meal to a man dying of starvation. But it is all bits and pieces; nothing matures from idea to event, and over it all is poured the self-satisfied drollery. Of course that could be the ultimate horror of fission—everyone turned into a crashing eccentric—but I don't think it likely or what the film makers had in mind. The famous names here, in addition to Sir Ralph, are Rita Tushingham, Peter Cook and Dudley Moore. The latter two ride about in a captive balloon and do nothing to diminish the romping.

RECORDS / David Hamilton

BERIO: *Sinfonia.* Swingle Singers. New York Philharmonic. Luciano Berio, cond. Columbia MS 7268. $5.98.

Repeated hearings of this 1968 Philharmonic commission (see *The Nation,* November 4, 1968) confirm an initial impression that its main substance is to be found in the quasi-Joycean verbal-musical collage of the third movement; if the other three sections still seem of low density, at times of even Messiaenic stasis, they at least put the "Mahler movement" in high relief.

Berio's collage is based on the third movement of Mahler's Second Symphony, whose beginning forms the initial continuity; later, the Mahler floats in and out of the texture, and returns definitively at the end. Over this is heard a variety of quotations from the musical literature (in the orchestra) and overlapping verbal exclamations and recitations, centering on Beckett's *The Unnamable.* The result is perhaps most aptly described as a piece *about* music, for the pre-existent material is juxtaposed in terms more of historical references than specific musical properties. A major exception is the triple meter of the Mahler movement, which continues to serve as a kind of paste holding the rest together even when its original subtleties have been submerged in the multi-layered texture.

I am sure that the Joycean analogy was not far from the composer's mind, and the *Sinfonia* is an interesting exploration of such possibilities, despite the obvious difficulties of drawing analogies between the time-flow of music and that of literature. The aesthetic departure from the main musical tradition (and even from a good deal of 20th-century "tradition") is radical, even if the sonorous surface retains a very traditional character.

Even though the recording-session balance clarifies many details that were not easily audible at the concert performances last year, some textural obscurities remain, and I am now, after repeated hearings of the record, inclined to classify them as miscalculations. Nevertheless, the piece is full of typical Berio ingenuity, notably in the resourceful writing for the extraordinary Swingle Singers. As with too many recent releases of contemporary music, the record constitutes very short measure; the entire *Sinfonia* would have fitted on one side.

The Art of Artur Schnabel. Seraphim 60115. $2.49.

MONTEVERDI: Madrigals and other works. Vocal and instrumental ensembles. Nadia Boulanger, cond. Seraphim 60125. $2.49.

STRAUSS: *Der Rosenkavalier* (abridged); songs and operatic arias. Lotte Lehmann, Elisabeth Schumann, Maria Olczewska, Richard Mayr. Vienna State Opera Orchestra. Robert Heger, cond. Seraphim IC-6041 (three discs). $7.47.

These are very desirable reissues, from a large release under the Seraphim label. The Schnabel disc, exceptionally welcome, is a group of postwar performances, most of which have not previously been available in this country: Mozart's Rondo in A minor, K. 511, and Sonata in B-flat, K. 570; Schubert's Impromptus, Op. 90, Nos. 2 & 4 (the latter unfortunately cut, presumably to fit the original 78-rpm record); Weber's *Invitation to the Dance*; Brahms's Rhapsody in G minor and Intermezzos, Op. 116, No. 2 and Op. 117, No. 1. The Mozart Rondo is memorable for its elucidation of metrical ambiguity, the Schubert for the subtle polyphony that Schnabel traces in the passage work; if there are some palpable technical blunders in the Weber and Brahms, there is also an unusual control of textural balance and tonal color. These are important footnotes to Schnabel's more famous recordings. He is also represented in three three-disc collections in the same series: the Schubert *Moments Musicaux* in "Six Legendary Pianists" (Seraphim IC-6045), Mozart's G minor Piano Quartet, K. 478, in "Six Chamber Music Masterpieces" (IC-6044), and Beethoven's Second Piano Concerto in "Six Concertos" (IC-6043). Each set contains other excellent performances, but one could wish for a more rational packaging of historic recordings than this grab-bag approach.

The 1937 Boulanger set of Monteverdi vocal works is a document in the history of taste, for it represented the first major recording of that composer's music, and was an important stimulus for the Monteverdi revival that followed. Fortunately, it can still be heard with pleasure despite such anachronisms as the use of a piano, for Mme. Boulanger understood the rhythmic life of this music as few have understood it since. Hers is a fine antidote to "sewing-machine baroque" performances.

Heger's abridged *Rosenkavalier* suffers from cramped orchestral sound, some overhasty tempos, and brutal cuts, but retains the virtues of immensely flavorful performances from all the principals. Elisabeth Schumann's Sophie, in particular, is a technical marvel, and the songs she sings on one of the odd sides offer a very special fusion of verbal clarity with purity of legato line.

MENDELSSOHN: Octet for Strings, Op. 20. BOCCHERINI: Cello Quintet in C major, Op. 37, No. 7. Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields. Argo ZRG 569. $5.95.

Mendelssohn's youthful fusion of technical mastery and inspiration is at its height in this quite perfect work, a *locus classicus* of brilliant string scoring. The eight-part fugal writing of the last movement is a particular delight, as integrated into a sonata-allegro structure and adorned with an almost incessant but always thematically relevant eight-note motion. The performance is very near to perfection itself—as is that of the tuneful but structurally unimaginative Boccherini work on the second side.

Other recommended recordings:

French Operatic Arias. Beverly Sills, soprano; Ambrosian Opera Chorus. Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Charles Mackerras, cond. Westminster WST 17163. $5.98.

CHOPIN: Polonaises, Op. 40, No. 2; Op. 44; Op. 53; Polonaise-Fantasie, Op. 61; Andante spianato and Grand Polonaise, Op. 22. Alfred Brendel, piano. Vanguard VCS 10058. $3.98.

WEBER: Clarinet Concerto No. 1 in F minor, Op. 73; Concertino, Op. 26. ROSSINI: Introduction and Variations for Clarinet and Orchestra. Gervase de Peyer, clarinet. New Philharmonia Orchestra. Rafael Frühbeck de Burgos, cond. Angel S-36589. $5.98.

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—and more were printed commercially. Nearly a quarter million pages were translated into various languages. Much of this verbal inundation originated in the 2,580 meetings held by delegates. The number of individual speeches is beyond calculation, and since many of the speakers regard their words as imperishable, most of the meetings are transcribed verbatim or in extensive summaries. They are also recorded on audio tape (in several languages) and often on video tape. And this is just the output of headquarters. Even more meetings (3,331) were held at the UN's European office, the old League of Nations headquarters in Geneva; others at various permanent UN installations, and still others by traveling UN groups. Many of these meetings are useful, but many others are self-generating and trivial.

There seems to be no way to stop the flood. The Secretary-General has pleaded with the delegates to curb their passion for meetings, the delegates themselves agree that restraint is necessary, but there seems to be no one with the courage to stand up and say that a meeting proposed by a colleague is unnecessary. So they increase, even though there isn't enough physical space for them, even though trained personnel to service them, particularly interpreters, is not available, even though, despite incredible efforts, the UN Secretariat cannot keep up with the necessary documentation.

It is no wonder then that the UN is hoping to expand dramatically beyond its original 18 acres. The plans are not modest. They include a 3-acre park to be built on pilings in the East River, a square block for office and storage space, a large part of a block for the new home of the United Nations International School, and 2 blocks for a visitors' center and for office, apartment and hotel space for UN delegations—all at a cost of more than $50 million. Most of this expansion can, no doubt, be justified, for the UN has grown in membership by two and a half times since 1945, its members constantly give it new tasks in the economic and social fields, and it does not offer enough social and recreational facilities for the members, many of whom are Africans and Asians who do not feel welcome in the city. But it does seem ironic that at a time when the UN grows increasingly hollow at the center, it should grow more luxuriant at the edges.

This bleak picture is far from meaning that the United Nations is without use. The nations of the world want it, not only as the embodiment of an ideal that most peoples cherish but because it has achieved real successes, some permanent, some temporary: the Congo, the Middle East in 1948 and 1956, Korea perhaps, Kashmir, the independence of most of Africa, the nuclear test-ban treaty. More recently, Cyprus, treaties barring nuclear weapons from Latin America and from space, and the treaty to prevent the spread of nuclear weapons. And despite a desperate shortage of money, the UN has done important and often overlooked work in the economic and social fields. Employing about 65 per cent of its budget and 80 per cent of its staff, the UN is building a tradition of international cooperation that the theorists—and U Thant—hope will gradually begin to influence the political field.

The United Nations has still other uses. It is not the conscience of the world, for a committee cannot be a conscience; yet the Secretary-General, because of his unique constituency, can sometimes serve such a role and U Thant often does. However it is by no means evident that his diplomatic thrusts have had any influence in major capitals. Indeed, the chances are that Thant has occasioned anger more often than action.

But if the UN cannot directly influence the actions of the superpowers, its very presence serves to modify them. Or as one long-time observer put it, the UN "does allow an outraged nation to cry help and the very cry sometimes frightens the robber." Who knows what the Russians might have done if they had not been hailed before the Security Council? And where else could Czechoslovakia have made its brief but poignant protest? Also the UN undoubtedly had some beneficial influence on developments in the Cuban missile crisis, in the Dominican Republic, in Suez, and even in Vietnam, for the great powers cannot completely ignore the assembled voices of the nations of the world, even if voices cannot stand up against armies.

The UN is sometimes dismissed as just a forum, no more than a diplomatic stock exchange, but even that is useful. How else could almost all the nations of the world be in immediate diplomatic contact, thus improving the chances of avoiding crises based on misunderstanding? The UN is also indispensable for sealing agreements and giving them added weight and validity. It is one thing for a couple of nations to make a bilateral agreement, but if the UN becomes a party to it, it is much harder to avoid compliance. Also (and this is no small matter), the UN allows a nation to compromise in an international dispute, when otherwise it would appear to be backing down. U Thant's appeal to both sides to avoid a physical confrontation in the Cuban missile crisis allowed Khrushchev to pull back, claiming he was responding to Thant's request and not to Kennedy's ultimatum.

Having acknowledged all this, the blunt fact remains that the UN is not in the mainstream of big-power international politics. Although it was born in the belief that balance of power politics and spheres of influences would become anachronisms, these twenty-four years have proved the visionaries wrong. The old brutal realities still exist and show no signs of departing. Collective security does not work because the powerful nations will not let it work. Their interpretation of national interest is too narrow. Thus hopes too long deferred have led to disillusion.

There is nothing wrong with the UN that the United States and Russia could not change overnight, for if they would lead, the others would follow. But in the immediate future they will neither respond to the collective will nor surrender their sovereignty, and without one concession or the other the UN is impotent. Meanwhile, the machinery of peace remains, waiting to be used. Until it is used, as one observer put it, "the United Nations is like the Church in the Dark Ages."

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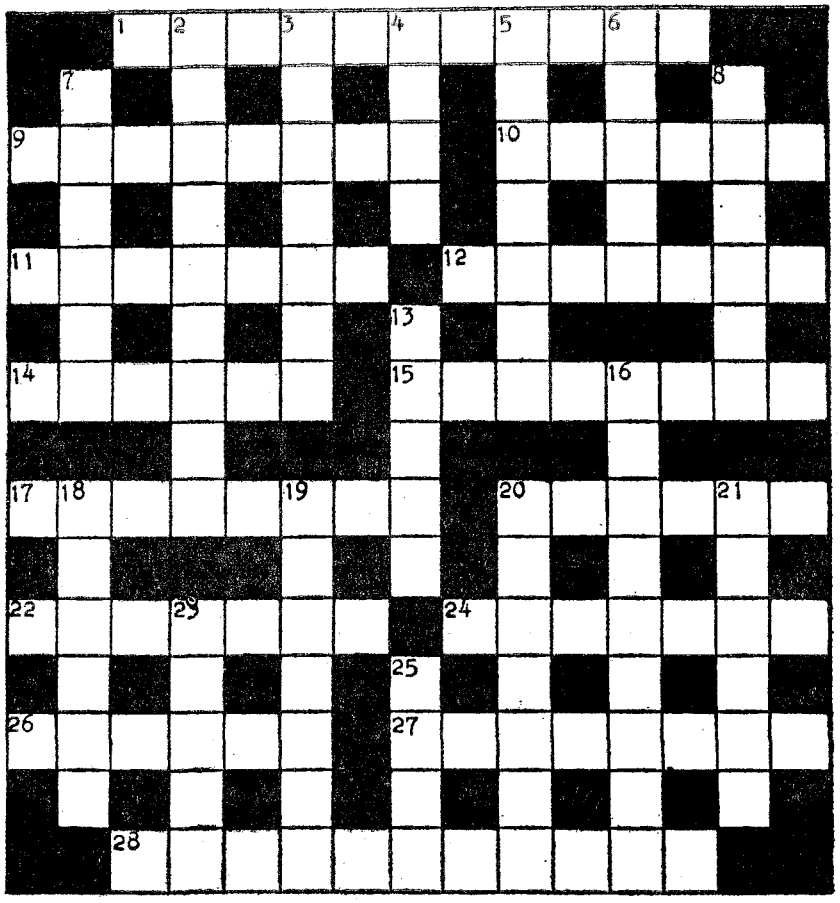
Crossword Puzzle No. 1318

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Revolutionary decoy France formed into a non-Union body? (11)
9 Has to hurt just above the lip, probably. (8)
10 She is rather possessive following the party, somewhat like a squirrel. (6)
11 Keep the faith, baby? Not with this! (7)
12 See 26 across
14 Moves a little, like several in the foot. (6)
15 A form of the word "doll" not found in the western hemisphere generally. (3,5)
17 and 25 down Spoils a room design created to aid the 15, in part. (8,4)
20 All the actors or just one of two stars? (6)
22 Given the wrong part to throw in the wrong direction? (7)
24 See 18 down
26 and 12 On a car do they imply fast colors? (6,7)
27 In such a state, small thy feeling, but large thy problem. (8)
28 Individual characteristics. (11)

DOWN

2 and 13 The astronauts were really wild! (3,2,4,5)
3 Even timeless they'd be good fronts! (7)
4 Acts like animals! (4)
5 Wrong to be so, according to knightly vows. (7)
6 Goat island? (5)
7 Change course with ease inside as one hears another vessel. (6)
8 You might get things gummed up again if you do! (6)
13 See 2 down
16 Good lookers might be so. (9)
18 and 24 across For example, sable shades might make one feel good! (6,7)
19 Specifies things as typified by 6 with corn on it. (7)
20 At the head of the column. (7)
21 Implies there's no stock in extravagant misdoing if it went right in the middle. (6)
23 Frost on a number reputedly doesn't pay.
25 See 17 across

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1317

ACROSS: 1 Cloudless; 6 Grant; 9 Thespis; 10 Ocarina; 11 Ski; 12 Ringer; 15 Sagamore; 16 Crease; 18 Ebbing; 20 Abandons; 23, 24, 25 and 13 Once around the park; 28 Georgia; 29 Take-out; 30 Noted; 31 Sidesteps. DOWN: 1 Cotes; 2 Opening; 3 and 5 Department stores; 4 Elsinore; 6 Gear; 7 Ali Baba; 8 Trackless; 14 Grand Dukes; 15 Sheboygan; 17 Abducted; 19 Back out; 21 Outvote; 22 Creaks; 26 and 13 Estes Park; 27 Aged.

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Printed by Milford Publishing Inc., Milford, Conn.

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